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Guaranteed Wages

W. G. Phillips

► NEW LIGHT has been thrown on the subject of guaranteed wages by the plans recently negotiated in the Ford and General Motors Companies of the United States. Though considerably modified, both these plans are similar in principle to that originally devised by the United Automobile Workers a couple of years ago. The main features include the dovetailing of guarantee payments with unemployment compensation payments, and the establishment of a maximum limit on the employer's liability. This article contains a brief review of these provisions and some reflections on their significance.

The new automobile contracts provide that the laid-off worker shall receive 65 percent of his after-tax pay during the first four weeks of layoff (following a one-week waiting period), and 60 percent for a period up to 22 weeks thereafter. This represents a considerable scaling down of the original UAW demand, which called for payment sufficient, when combined with unemployment compensation, to give laid-off workers the same standard of living as when working.

Under the Ford and General Motors agreements in the United States, guarantee payments will begin after the plan has been in effect one year. How the scheme is to operate may be seen in an example. A worker in Michigan, married with one child, and earning \$100 a week, pays about \$12.98 in income tax, his after-tax pay being about \$87.02. He is guaranteed 65 percent of this after-tax pay in the first four weeks of lay-off, or about \$56.56 per week. Under legislation now pending in Michigan, he would be eligible to receive \$42 per week in unemployment compensation, leaving about \$14.50 to be paid by the company. Since the first week of lay-off is a waiting period, the company payments considered over the first five weeks would average about \$22.50 per week. Thereafter, based on 60 per cent of after-tax pay, the company would pay only slightly more than \$10 per week.

In the example it is seen that the company is required to pay to its laid-off workers in guarantee payments only between 10 per cent and 12 per cent of what it would pay them were they working. This, it would seem, is a far cry from what the public generally thinks of as the company's obligation under a "guaranteed wage" plan. It is true, of course, that in the United States, the employer pays the full cost of unemployment compensation, so that in effect, the entire cost of the guaranteed wage is paid by the employer. But here there arises a crucial question, applicable to Canada as well

as to the United States. What is accomplished by the type of plan established in these new contracts, which could not be accomplished more cheaply and more efficiently through increased unemployment compensation payments?

Increasing the unemployment compensation would have a twofold advantage over the type of guarantee payment provided in the new contracts. First, it would automatically result in greater flexibility and a more effective pooling of risks than could be achieved under any system of reinsurance possible on a private level. Since the union envisions the extension of the guarantee principle to a number of industries other than automobiles, an automatic system of reinsurance should have some appeal. Secondly, increasing the insurance benefits would eliminate the costly duplication of effort which would be inevitable under a dual system where the laid-off worker picked up cheques from his employer as well as the government.

The Union, of course, has campaigned hard for higher unemployment benefits in the past (though never with the determination it showed in its quest for the guaranteed wage). With the help which might now be expected from employers, it is altogether possible that in time unemployment insurance benefits could be raised high enough to render wage guarantees superfluous. Though this does not

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Current Comment

Frost Scores Easy K.O.

► ONCE UPON A TIME, in fact very much like today, there were many governments with comfortable majorities. But in those far-off days everyone believed that they were fat and vulnerable targets, and on election days their enemies expected to carve them up gleefully. Election night sometimes spelled an end to the "ins" years of plenty and the "outs" gathered in the harvest — their just reward for the barren, patient years.

But the new fashion in Canadian politics has turned elections into a greater hazard for the opposition than the government. Since 1949 there have been 2 federal and, with the exception of British Columbia, 13 provincial elections. In all but one, New Brunswick, the administrations have returned to office, their solid majorities still secure. The opposition parties have been sent reeling to spend another four years trying desperately to conjure up a winning formula or gimmick for the next contest.

On June 9 the pattern was repeated in Ontario with classic simplicity. The Progressive Conservative administration of Leslie Frost went to the polls with 78 of the 88 seats then occupied. By taking 47 percent of the total vote, it was returned with 84 out of the 98 seats in the new legislature. While the Liberals increased their representation from 8 to 11 and the CCF upped theirs from 2 to 3, the gap between the anticipated and actual gains turned the day into a calamitous defeat for both parties. In the months ahead Mr. Oliver and Mr. MacDonald, whose election in York South was the only bright spot for the CCF, face the unenviable task of trying to revive the morale of their party organizations. Another campaign casualty was Joe Salsberg, sole representative of the LPP, who lost Toronto St. Andrew to the PC's in a no holds barred contest.

The outstanding feature of the campaign, everyone agreed, was its staggering dullness. Instead of weaving fancy theories about why this election was so unexciting, we might look at what the various political parties offered the voters.

Almost at the last moment someone in the Liberal Party apparently remembered that they had overlooked the matter of a platform. Without time to be discriminating, the Liberals shovelled everything handy in the political pantry together and called the results a "25 point program." Having complied with this ancient political ritual, they very sensibly ignored their "platform" for the remainder of the campaign.

Instead they treated Ontario to an old-fashioned campaign, which meant naturally that "honest indignation" was its main theme. As the campaign reached its dramatic climax by finally lumbering into low gear, stirring and nostalgic phrases, like those which John Henry Bagshaw, MP for Missinaba County, doubtless murmured melodiously in his sleep, filled the Ontario air and the *Toronto Star*. Hoping to ride Frost's highways into Queens Park, the Liberal campaign consisted chiefly of "exposures of shocking corruption in high places," charges of "pork barrel politics," promises of "integrity in government" and the like. (When a cat has part of its brain removed, it reacts to every situation with exactly the same ferocious anger, known to physiologists as "sham rage").

If political corruption was the hottest thing on the market, the CCF naturally didn't want to miss a killing. Taking its lead from Mr. MacDonald and its phrases from the Dictionary of Well-Worn Political Quotations, the CCF set up an

angry chorus of amens to Mr. Oliver's steadily wilder charges. The CCF, seeking to become the Official Opposition, also tried to interest the electorate in a hospital insurance program, public auto insurance, old age pension supplements and promises to alleviate the job and housing shortages.

The Progressive Conservatives had the easiest time. In huge newspaper and billboard ads, on the radio and in leaflets, they simp'y offered the voters more-of-the-same. The "same" was rarely elaborated beyond "good government — under Leslie Frost," the two being obviously inseparable to them. In the campaign Premier Frost skilfully played the role which Prime Minister St. Laurent has fashioned so successfully. Bland, smiling, benign and yet dignified and relaxed, both Frost and St. Laurent are clearly regarded as enormous assets by their parties. Does this kindly, above the fray manner of the political *pater familias* really captivate the voters? Or are the well-being and peaceful harmony, which the Leader's words and countenance radiate, simply a reflection of his sense of job security?

The decisiveness of the result leaves little room for differences in interpretation. It does, however, permit the press to carry out one of the new rituals of elections in the 1950's — laying the CCF to a quiet, everlasting rest. The frequency with which CCF obituaries have appeared previously seems to add zest rather than caution to these occasions. This time it was the *Toronto Star* which headlined an editorial "The CCF: Barely Breathing." Despite the steady decline of its vote from 27 percent in 1948 to 19 percent in 1951 to 17 percent on June 9, the CCF is not, as the *Star* suggested, at the point where it "managed to stave off extinction in yesterday's elections, and that was about all." The CCF's

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position is more like that of a man being pushed steadily down a narrow stairway, desperately resisting all the while. To the onlooker his struggle may appear vain, merely delaying the inevitable outcome. But time is what he is fighting for — time for circumstances to change and bring presently apathetic and indecisive allies to his side.

Like two boxers, each of whom has been pummeled mercilessly by the champion, both the Liberals and CCF believe that the other is "all washed up" but profess themselves eager for a rematch — after a decent interval of course. Mr. MacDonald has already begun to sound like the proverbial fight manager, declaring that his side came out of the match "fighting mad".

But then fight managers are notorious for their capacity to absorb punishment and cry for more. More to the point, however, after June 9 is . . . how many of these trouncings can their charges take?

Alberta is next. What else can the bettor do but recite piously that ancient axiom of sport, "You gotta string along with the champ." Any bets?

LABEL.

The End of the Knowland-McCarthy Era

The present session of Congress has been almost as soporific as a session of the Canadian House of Commons. Investigating committees have ceased their shenanigans, the "great debates" on foreign policy of the postwar era have ended, and, with the exception of Mrs. Hobby, no colorful personalities in the executive branch have been under sustained attack. Yet Congress and the Presidency are controlled by different parties which will shortly flex their vocal cords for a Presidential campaign.

The loss of initiative by the right-wing of the Republican Party is mainly responsible for the abating of partisan passions. This faction of opinion may never have had wide support in the country and has repeatedly failed to achieve its policy objectives, but since 1948 it has been able to put its stronger opponents on the defensive, set the tone of political debate, and produce most of the new political figures who have risen to national prominence. When feeling was mounting against the Truman administration, the differences between Republican moderates and extremists were blurred. The ineffectuality of the Eisenhower administration kept them blurred for some time, but events have now forced them into full view with the result that the right-wing ultra-nationalists have been utterly defeated and are on the verge of becoming a political sect within the Republican Party rather than leading shapers of national policy.

The Cold War created the divisive issues in American politics in the past five years and the lessening of international tension has been greeted with obvious relief by the American public. Moreover, each time the Eisenhower administration has faced an unmistakable choice between belligerent or conciliatory behavior towards the Communist countries it has chosen the latter—Indo-China, the Radford proposal of a blockade of the China coast, the defense of Quemoy and Matsu, and now the proposed Big Four meeting. Senator Knowland and his supporters have made angry noises, but have eventually subsided into unhappy silence. In spite of all the talk about the secret power of the so-called "China Lobby," the most benightedly anti-American Bevanite or left-wing CCF'er should recognize (but probably won't) that Chiang's backers have lost the battle. Formosa will be defended if attacked by the Communists, but the United States has firmly dissociated itself from Chiang's pro-

ject of reconquering the mainland and is clearly not going to allow him to involve America in a Far Eastern war.

Turning to the shadow cast by the Cold War on civil liberties, Senator McCarthy has been making occasional speeches that are extravagant even for him, but on reading about them (on the inside pages of the newspapers) one wants to paraphrase Bill Terry's famous remark about the Brooklyn Dodgers: "McCarthy? Is *he* still in the Senate?" The dust McCarthy kicked up has settled, but it hasn't yet been swept away. The injustices done to Oppenheimer, John Paton Davies, and others, casualties of the mood McCarthy symbolized if not of the man himself, are unredeemed and unredeemable. McCarthy's approach to the Communist conspiracy remains embodied in the government's security program and continues to echo half-heartedly in the speeches of politicians ready to pick up any stick to belabor an opponent. Yet the security program itself has been under attack by so unlikely a figure as former Senator Cain of Washington, an erstwhile McCarthy paladin, and the federal courts have criticized several government actions taken in the name of security and are likely to be even more critical in cases still pending.

McCarthy's liberal antagonists deserve credit for laying the groundwork for the censure vote of the Senate which finally unfrocked him and cleared the atmosphere. But some of them should feel a little penitent, now that the morning after has dawned, when they recall the far-fetched parallels they drew between McCarthy and Hitler, Eisenhower and Hindenburg, or between the McCarthy controversy and the pre-Civil War conflict over slavery. The Republic was never close to such peril. Hindsight judgment, of course, is easy, but some of us insisted all along that "McCarthyism" fed on apathy and ignorance rather than on hysteria, that its supposed political magic was largely based on a misreading of the election returns, and that it achieved momentum through a kind of self-hypnosis by fearful politicians and newsmen which was bound to wear off eventually. Exaggeration of the power of the manifest evil of McCarthyism enabled some disoriented liberals to evade thinking about the more important and more perplexing problems of modern politics; many intellectuals won a false sense of self-importance and virtuous martyrdom by insisting in bitter-sweet tones that they were victims of a drive for "thought control;" and the drama of the man and his movement exercised a snake-and-bird fascination over some of us, impelling us to exaggerate their objective importance like detective story addicts contending that the whodunits they devour have real literary merit.

Granting it has yet to achieve much in the way of concrete consequences, a genuine change in mood has occurred. Some will see the speed with which it has come about as further evidence of the instability and unreliability of the United States as a world leader. And indeed a real danger exists that many Americans will wishfully assume the Cold War to be a finished episode and become impatient with the necessary maintenance of Western military strength and less ready to fight further limited wars should the need arise, as it well may.

But the rapid changes in mood to which the American nation is prone do not result from any innate emotional volatility. The American democratic ethos requiring politicians to follow rather than to lead, makes them oversensitive to public opinion, or what they imagine to be public opinion, and the reverberations of the mass media crisscrossing the nation both create and reflect shifts in perspective with startling rapidity. The privately expressed views of a few political leaders in Washington spread across the country along the network of mass communications and react back on Washington, enveloping politicians in what seems to be a spon-

tanous upsurge of public opinion. Something like this made McCarthyism look like a national mood yesterday and today may spread the illusion that a new era of international harmony has already dawned. *Dennis H. Wrong.*

Africa and the Bandung Conference

► THE ASIAN AFRICAN CONFERENCE at Bandung took place in an atmosphere of hope and vitality that reminded at least one European adviser of the early days of the League of Nations. Here, in April 1955, were countries rejoicing in their recent emancipation from colonial rule and hoping to find therein a basis for common action. This colorful gathering has not received in the West all the attention it deserves. It was not only that Mr. Chou-en-lai was present, that the inevitable competition for leadership in Asia between India and China was brought into the open, but that in extending the area to Africa, the field of that competition was widened. As in the Asian Conferences of 1947 and 1949 — for Bandung is not entirely unprecedented — Asian affairs were the main subject of interest. Yet there were also representatives from Egypt, the Sudan, Ethiopia, the Gold Coast and Liberia, besides unofficial spokesmen from various groups in South Africa and French North Africa. All admired the magnificent robes of the Gold Coast delegation whose leader, Mr. Botsio, expressed their pleasure at being with the people who had been the inspiration in their struggle — has not Mr. Awolowo, another West African politician, acclaimed India as "the hero of the subject peoples"?

Until now India's has been the Asian influence most felt in Africa. It is feared by white settlers from Kenya to the Cape who see in it a new Imperialism. Mr. Strydom denounced the Bandung Conference as another Indian device of this kind. Yet, even if India is over-populated and much of Africa seems empty, such a migration of people would be against all India's traditions. While Nehru is in power India's influence can only be idealistic in Africa; her role there at the moment is that of the United States in India in the early 20th century, that of the exemplar and hero in the struggle against Imperialism. The recent Indian Commissioner in East Africa, Mr. Pant, was described to me by Indians in Kenya as "a missionary", a word which adequately typifies his sincere but dogmatic and often tactless public utterances on race relations in that area.

Less known in Africa is Pakistan. She is regarded in West Africa as an example to be avoided. To the politicians of Nigeria and the Gold Coast "Pakistanism", defined as a combination of religion of Islam and politics, is a dangerous heresy. In 1948 I heard Neo-Destour leaders in Tunis who preferred the example of India, speak admiringly of Gandhi, while Pakistan and Jinnah meant little or nothing. At Bandung the resolution on North Africa, put forward by Pakistan, was considerably moderated under Nehru's influence before the final session. However, Pakistan is developing new connections: in 1952 she was the sole Asian country represented at President Tubman's inauguration in Liberia. At Bandung the representatives of Pakistan, Liberia and the Philippines were often found together. These three recipients of American aid were leaders in the demand that a country's right to self-defence should be written into the final declaration. In this they were marking their opposition to Communist expansion and to Indian and Egyptian neutralism.

For Egypt, and in particular for Colonel Nasser, the Con-

ference served in most useful prestige-rebuilding. Egypt is like India in her belief in neutralism and in the suspicion with which she is regarded by Europeans in Africa. Between Pretoria and Cairo there sometimes appears to be a polarisation of Africa with Egypt using the spread of Islam and "the unity of the Nile Valley" as means of advance. As students in East Africa are now going to India, so from West Africa they go to Cairo, where they are suspected by West African administrators of learning more than Islamics. The cry of "the unity of the Nile Valley" may be a weak slogan with which to gain influence in Africa. At Bandung the Sudanese Prime Minister again showed his independence of Egypt and made speeches on relations with the Communist powers which might have come from Mr. Macmillan.

Some Asian commentators on Bandung claimed to find the skilful hand of British diplomacy behind the behaviour of certain delegations, and in the smooth passage that Britain received as an Imperial power. Mr. Botsio, explaining that his country was not yet independent and that he had not the same freedom as other delegates in external affairs, told the Conference that the Gold Coast's "discussions with the United Kingdom were marked by statesmanship and cordiality." France in North Africa, and Britain in South Africa were the powers under attack. That the white position varied in the different multi-racial societies of Africa was acknowledged by the invitation extended to the new Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Lord Malvern (the former Sir Godfrey Huggins) was neither prepared to join the great array of leaders nor send a delegation so that there were no representatives of European peoples in an official capacity. Voices were heard from Australia — as part of Austral Asia — when two unofficials, an academic and a former diplomat, publicly regretted that the two Southern Dominions were not invited. Australia knows and has shown by practical action in the Colombo Plan that she cannot be divorced from Asia.

The Conference discussed economic organization, the development of the mercantile marines of Asia and Africa with the aim of keeping their trade in their own hands. An Indian working paper urged the "Asianisation" of banking and press facilities in Asia and Africa, the setting up of a permanent Secretariat for Asian-African economic co-operation. The final resolution called for the International Bank to allocate more funds to the two continents and for a special United Nations fund for economic development of the area.

The procedure of the Conference was modelled on that of the United Nations. Mr. Chou-en-lai was not the only representative unfamiliar with this; from Ceylon to Libya there are also countries seeking admission at New York. Would the Conference have been held at all if there was not so much feeling in the area that the United Nations is dominated by the white race in all its organs from the Security Council downwards?

This then was a Conference of young countries aspiring to influence the future. Its original title, the Afro-Asian Conference, was reversed when it was seen how small in proportion would be the African numbers. In Africa the country most hurt by her absence was Nigeria, Britain's largest Colony with almost half the population of the British Colonial Empire. She now has three Prime Ministers, one for each Region, but not one to be invited for the country as a whole. How far was Africa really interested in Bandung? In Nigeria the *West African Pilot* acclaimed the Conference as the answer to "man's inhumanity to man", but the Gold Coast delegation left before the Conference had ended — it was more important to make sure of plane connections. The Gold Coast knows that there is no capital to be obtained from Asia; for its Volta river project it must

turn to Canada. The Gold Coast faces the Atlantic and not the Indian Ocean, and its cocoa is sold in Britain and North America. Moreover its Prime Minister himself seeks leadership in Africa and has sometimes been offended by India's ignorance about Togoland in the United Nations; Dr. Nkrumah, indeed, had pressing affairs at home, but he did not dignify Bandung by his presence. Nehru might there call Africa and Asia "sister Continents" but this is true only in respect of a common experience of colonial rule. Africa has no more desire to be dominated by Asia than by Europe. She is, in Mr. Botsio's words at Bandung, "shaking herself like a giant from sleep, fresh with the strength that follows rest." In her coming contribution to world affairs Africa will be beholden to no one. **GEORGE BENNETT.**

Canadian Calendar

- Canada's international trade in goods and services rose sharply in the first quarter of 1955.
- The Textile Workers Union of America — Canada's largest textile union — challenged the Federal Government on May 13 to meet steadily rising unemployment by establishing quotas on importation of textile products or to resign.
- The 1954 total for approved mortgage loans from institutional lenders was \$632,000,000 against \$374,000,000 in 1953.
- Koto Matsuidaira told a group of Ontario financial and industrial executives in Toronto that, within three decades, Japan will be a 70 per cent bread eating nation.

- Shipments of Canadian newsprint to other continents are 57.9 per cent greater so far this year than last.
- The United States will pay the full cost estimated at \$250,000,000 — for construction and operation of the DEW (Distant Early Warning) radar line in the Canadian Arctic. When built the line will be manned, at least in part, by U.S. personnel, though Canada retains the right to take it over at any time.
- A proposal that a permanent highway safety committee be established in this country was unanimously adopted on May 25 by delegates to the first national highway safety conference at Ottawa.
- Planes of the Red Air Force will fly over Toronto as participants in the 1956 Canadian International Air Show, according to the Soviet ambassador to Canada.
- The contract was awarded in May for the erection of a three-wing, seven-floor building in Toronto to house the Ontario Cancer Institute. Within two years Ontario is expected to possess one of the continent's best equipped centres for diagnosis, treatment and research into the cause of cancer.
- In terms of volume, Canadian export trade is now at its highest peacetime level in history, according to Trade Minister Howe. In value terms, exports in the first three months this year were \$100,000,000 ahead of the first quarter of 1954.
- The Calvert Trophy, top award of the Dominion Drama Festival, went to the University of British Columbia Players Club Alumni this year, for their performance of "The



SUMMER READING

Crucible." The award was made by Governor-General Massey at Regina on May 15.

- A natural gas policy involving postponement of the all Canadian pipeline project is reported to be under consideration in Government circles in Ottawa. Under the plan, Trans-Canada Pipelines Ltd. would sell Alberta gas to the Tennessee Gas Transmission Co. for distribution in the Western United States. In return, Tennessee would supply U.S. gas to Trans-Canada for the servicing of Eastern Canada.

- Canadian Industries Ltd. will construct a new \$9,000,000 plant for the manufacture of anhydrous ammonia at Millhaven, Ont. It will be the largest ammonia plant in eastern Canada.

- Canadian National Railways reported an improvement in net revenue of \$11,018,000 in the first four months of this year as compared with the corresponding period of 1954.

- On May 25, at Lauzon, Que., Mrs. St. Laurent christened the Bluenose, a luxury car-ferry which can accommodate 150 cars and 600 passengers. It will ply between Yarmouth, N.S., and Bar Harbor, Me., as soon as terminal facilities are enlarged at Yarmouth and Bar Harbor. It will cover the 110 mile run twice daily.

- On June 1, in Windsor, Ont., the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada unanimously approved the merger with the CIO Congress of Labor. This new labor federation now needs only the approval of the CCL, which will meet in Toronto in October. The first convention of the joint congress will be held next year.

- The CBC had a gross operating surplus of \$4,256,000 in its radio and TV services in the fiscal year ending March 31, 1955.

- Immunization of at least 3,000,000 Canadian children with Salk polio-vaccine is planned by next March 31, according to Health Minister Martin. Upwards of 750,000 children now have received the inoculation with complete safety.

- Dr. R. A. Mackay, associate undersecretary in the External Affairs Department, will become Canada's permanent representative to the United States with the rank of ambassador on August 1.

- The Trades and Labor Congress agreed on June 1, to continue its non-partisan attitude to politics after a caucus of CCF trade unionists agreed not to press for party affiliation.

- The Federal Government had a surplus of \$32,519,000 for the first month of the 1955-56 fiscal year, a rise of \$2,861,000 from the surplus in April 1954.

- Canadian Pacific Airlines 4,825 mile roof-of-the-world, Vancouver-to-Amsterdam route was inaugurated on June 3, when the first DC-6 B left Vancouver at 11.28 a.m. and was scheduled to touch down at Amsterdam's Schiphol Airport 18 hours later.

- A big jump in the price of potatoes was mainly responsible for forcing Canada's living costs index up for the second consecutive month in April. The consumer prices index advanced from 116.1 to 116.4, the food index jumped from 111.0 to 112.3.

- In order to assist Nova Scotia's weakened coal-mining industry, the Federal Government will pay a subsidy of \$250,000 on a shipment to England of 100,000 tons of black coal mined by the Dominion Coal Company in Cape Breton.

- Canadian Construction awards for the first five months of the year totalled \$1,000,700,500, up \$260,859,000 from the corresponding months last year and a record for the period. Contracts in May totalled \$289,790,900, up \$61,121,900 from May last year.

- Royal Society of Canada medals have been awarded as follows: the Pierre Chauvian Medal to Dr. Jean Marie Gauvreau, the Lorne Pierce Medal to Bruce Hutchison, the Tyrrell Medal to Col. C. P. Stacey, the H. M. Tory Medal to Dr. E. W. R. Steacie.

- A speech made in Toronto by Air Vice-Marshal John L. Plant declaring that the army should be abolished has cost him his job as air member for technical services; Defence Minister Campney announced in the Commons on June 6 that the Air Vice-Marshal was being transferred to the less important appointment of air officer commanding the Air Materiel Command at defense headquarters at Ottawa.

- The Restrictive Trade Practices Commission has suggested the Government take steps to prevent E. P. Taylor's \$125,000,000 brewery empire, Canadian Breweries Ltd., from continuing alleged monopolistic merger practices that might lead to control of Canada's brewing industry.

- A budgetary deficit of \$271,000,000 on the current fiscal year was indicated on June 9, by Finance Minister Harris. Such a deficit would exceed by \$111,000,000 the forecast made by Mr. Harris in his budget speech of April 5.

- Mr. Zarubin, the Soviet Ambassador to the U.S., was so impressed by the performance of the National Ballet of Canada in Washington that he invited the company to the Soviet Embassy to see a film of ballet dancing at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow.

- Construction of the Beechwood power project on the St. John river 100 miles north of Fredericton, N.B., began on June 11. Premier Fleming said that it is only the beginning of a program "to supply the mining companies with power cheap enough to ensure the economic processing of the great mineral discoveries recently made in New Brunswick."

- Hooker Chemicals Ltd. of Vancouver will start construction shortly on an \$11,000,000 chlorine caustic soda plant in North Vancouver.

- Canadian factories produced 46,982 television receivers in April, compared with 29,631 in the same month last year. April sales rose to 30,721 units from 25,868 in April, 1954.

- John B. Carswell, Toronto engineer, has been appointed general manager of Canada House, New York, which is scheduled for completion late next year.

- Research into the ancient Indian culture in Northwestern Ontario along the voyageurs' highway to the west will be carried out this summer in the Quetico Park area, northwest of Fort William, by Kenneth Kidd, curator of ethnology at the Royal Ontario Museum, and by R. Dailey, graduate student of the University of Toronto.

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Un Verre de Rouge

Philip Stratford

► AMERICAN JOURNALISTS have run riot lately with stories on alcoholism in France. Everyone has a stone in hand ready to throw at the next pop of a cork, and the stones are getting bigger and better. As we shall see, some of the rocks have become so big that over-ambitious columnists are dropping them on their own toes; but this only makes them cry out louder. It is difficult in the frenzy to guess what the real situation is: therefore a cool-headed analysis of available statistics may help to form a clear picture of the problem.

The story had its small beginnings in the Catholic weekly, *America*. A year ago last March, in an article entitled, "France Battles Alcoholism,"¹ this journal stated that approximately 4,000,000 Frenchmen, or 1 in 10, were employed in the wine industry. Six months later² the same periodical reported that the figure had jumped to 5,000,000 or 1 in 8. Decidedly the problem was acute! By November, when *Time Magazine* investigated the situation the ratio of wine makers had risen to 1 in 7,³ a growth of 700,000 in seven weeks. Just before Christmas a special correspondent to *Newsweek* took the trouble to track down more facts. By this time the total had reached the alarming proportions of 8,000,000 or 1 Frenchman in 5 connected with the liquor business.⁴ From this information we can see that the number of Frenchmen making their living from the grape doubled in eight months; that 4,000,000 took to the alcohol trade between April and December, 1954. Obviously there was money in the game. Serious students of world affairs will no doubt notice how these data throw into sharp relief France's economic instability. And those interested in social problems will find here real justification for Mendès-France's drastic milk reforms.

If these statistics were not enough to scare French tipplers back to their senses and onto the milk wagon, Mendès could have furnished others just as potent thanks to the work of friendly American research agencies. On November 21 of last year the *New York Times Magazine* reported that there were 444,000 establishments in France dispensing alcoholic beverages.⁵ Two weeks later *America* ascertained that the number of bars and cafes had increased by 6,000 to a total of 450,000.⁶ Benjamin Bradlee, European Correspondent to *Newsweek*, reported next. With a trace of excusable hysteria he stated that on December 20 the grand total stood at 455,000⁷ which represented another jump of 5,000 cafes over a two week period. Few will deny that it is scarcely sane or safe to live in a country where these frontier, boom-town conditions prevail. Three hundred and sixty-five new drinking establishments every day! It's enough to make a teetotaler give up tea!

Some interesting facts about France's population can be deduced from the actual presentation of these statistics. In France "there is one bar for every 34 adult males" states *America*.⁸ With all due deference to this journal's reliability, this figure seems a little low, especially in the light of other reports. "There is one bar for every 68 men, women and children," says *Time*.⁹ Multiplying out 68 times the latest

and largest total of drinking establishments we find that France's population stands at 31,000,000 or eleven million short of the last official figure released. Could alcohol have accounted for this sharp decline? We make no comment, but we shudder to think. *Newsweek's* view in the situation is a little different but no less informative. "There is one bar for every 34 adults," writes Mr. Bradlee.¹⁰ Now if we take this ratio and apply rule of thumb with *Newsweek's* own figure for the number of bars, we see that the adult population in France is just over 15,000,000. Then 65 per cent of French people are minors! What a promise for the future! Even our own young country can only boast 38 per cent children. What a concerted effort this shows on the part of Frenchmen (and women) towards re-establishment! On the other hand, what a dark reflection on the present situation when we consider that two-thirds of those involved in liquor problems are statistically shown to be under 21. It is dreadful to think that at the present mushroom rate of growth, one bar springs into existence for every six children born; that one in five of these youngsters is destined to serve behind the counter and slowly poison the other four with *vin rouge*. Ugly facts, but there they are.

Other statistics show the insidious growth of alcohol poisoning in France. Again there is some discrepancy in the reports but this is doubtless due to a minor flaw in the fact-collecting machinery. Mr. Bradlee of *Newsweek* for once seems to have been misinformed when he writes that only 16,000 Frenchmen, or 2.5 per cent died of cirrhosis of the liver and alcoholism in 1953.¹¹ A year before, *Reader's Digest* had predicted that one Frenchman in twenty-five would die of Alcoholism,¹² and *Time* gives a much more likely estimate, stating that alcoholism accounts indirectly, not for 2.5 or 4 per cent, but for 40 per cent of the national death rate.¹³ This makes alcohol three times as deadly a killer as heart diseases and four times as lethal as third place cancer!

Mr. Bradlee redeems himself when it comes to totaling up the cost to the French state of alcoholic misdemeanours. He sets the figure at \$2,270,000,000 a year¹⁴ or 18 per cent more than the gross receipts of the whole alcohol industry, which *Time* claims to be the biggest in France.¹⁵ *Time* itself modestly asserts that the cure and care of alcoholics only costs the state \$430,000,000 per year, while *America* guesses the cost of psychiatric care to stand at \$86,000,000.¹⁶ Whether we take this last figure, or *Newsweek's* which is five times as big again, it really doesn't matter. When we're dealing in billions like this, a difference of a few millions one way or the other can be written off as insignificant. Why, the variation in these figures might well be due to the fluctuation in the franc. Anyone can see that the French are losing an awful lot of money over these rubby-dubs . . . that's what matters.

It is with grave concern that we notice a growing number of alcoholics every year. In November 1953 *Reader's Digest* reported that there were 22 of them per 1,000 inhabitants¹⁷ or 2.2 per cent of the population. The research done by *Newsweek's* correspondent showed that 15 per cent of males . . . live in a perpetual state of alcohol impregna-

¹ *America*, Mar. 27, 1954: "France Battles Alcoholism".

² *America*, Sept. 25, 1954: "France Drinks On".

³ *Time*, Nov. 22, 1954: "Milk is for Cats".

⁴ *Newsweek*, Dec. 20, 1954: "Cognac for Breakfast", by B. Bradlee.

⁵ *The New York Times Magazine*, Nov. 21, 1954: "Mendès and Milk vs. Brandy and Wine", by H. Gingher.

⁶ *America*, Dec. 4, 1954: "Mendès-France Invades the Wine-cellars".

⁷ See (4) above.

⁸ See (2) above.

⁹ See (3) above.

¹⁰ See (4) above.

¹¹ *ibid.*

¹² *Reader's Digest*, Nov., 1953: "The Frenchman and his Drinking Habits".

¹³ See (3) above.

¹⁴ See (4) above.

¹⁵ See (3) above (150 billion francs).

¹⁶ See (2) above (30 billion francs).

¹⁷ See (12) above.

tion . . .¹⁸ and by December, 1954, *America* signalled "overindulgence in alcohol of about 35 per cent of France's adult male population."¹⁹ Decidedly, the vice is spreading like wildfire!

Life Magazine has given a pictorial survey of this deplorable situation²⁰ showing in a few graphic shots the principal offenders: peasants, laborers, students, children and other groups of men and women, all equally addicted to drinking. Especially interesting is the picture of Alphonse Bébin, besotted Normandy farmer, standing beside his annual consumption of alcohol: 1,955 quarts of hard cider and 47 of 100 proof calvados. It is breathtaking to think that Alphonse drinks sixteen times as much as the average Canadian, and from this article we have no reason to believe that he is more than an averagely heavy drinker. *Life* also notes that one-sixth of an ounce of wine per pound is considered a modest ration for the French child. Other statistics in this article permit us to calculate that per capita wine consumption in France reaches nine-tenths of a quart a day. From these facts we can estimate that the average avoirdupois of each French man, woman and child is 173 pounds! This shocking obesity is only to be expected in a country corrupted by such overindulgence.

We must be very careful when we compare French drinking habits with our own. It is so easy to misconstrue the facts. John Lardner, for instance, writing in *Newsweek*, claims that in 1953, per capita milk consumption in the District of Columbia was *lower* than alcohol consumption in terms of hard liquor alone, not counting beer and wine!²¹ It was Disraeli who warned us that there were three kinds of lies: plain lies, damn lies and statistics; a word to the wise is sufficient, and the warning is especially timely here. One can easily see that D.C. is not the U.S. and we must also keep in mind that Washington is where the notorious French have their Embassy, which certainly puts up the average. Other mathematical contortionists point out that although the French spend two billion dollars a year in drink,²² Canadians spent 10 per cent more per capita in 1952.²³ They also claim that although our population is just one-third of the French, the Canadian government collects almost twice as much in liquor taxes.²⁴ There is no need to be unduly impressed by these algebraic gymnastics. Everyone knows that our taxes are justly high, and what is more, any red-blooded Canadian will interpret these facts in the light of the common knowledge that we are among the best, soberest and most clean-living people in the world.

But let us ignore such statistical chicanery and turn our attention back to France. All will agree that we can do the French a great service by warning them against the danger of persisting in their folly. From our analysis of facts we can predict that if current trends continue, by March 1957, not one Frenchman in five, but one French man, woman or child in two will be in some way connected with the liquor trade. By this time some 286,000 new bars will have opened. There will be one cafe for every 10 adult males, if, of course, alcohol has not accounted for the death of the majority of them by this time.

An unbelievably serious situation, and an incredibly acute one. But the French must, with our help, face the fantastic facts if they are to find a solution to their problem.

¹⁸ See (4) above.

¹⁹ See (6) above.

²⁰ *Life*, Dec. 6, 1954: "Dry-out For the French".

²¹ *Newsweek*, Nov. 29, 1954: "Mendes and the Black Horse", by John Lardner.

²² See (12) above.

²³ *ibid.* (\$741,000,000).

²⁴ *Canada Year Book* 1953: Canadian Tax: \$286,118,000, see (2) above; French Tax: 53 billion francs or \$151,430,000.

For years, poor France has been plagued with subversive Communist propaganda and distortion of truth. At last, however, with the support of level-headed American research and American statistical know-how, France will perhaps be able to reform, and, with a burst of American vigor, shake herself free of these wine-sodden D.T.'s. America and the American press with kindly understanding will help her to see clearly into other problems. She will absolve herself from the taint of Red scandalmongering and libellous misrepresentation and finally will stand erect on the straight and narrow path, a sober, chastened member of our Western Community. *Vive l'Amerique! Vive la France! Amen.*

GUARANTEED WAGES

(Continued from front page)

now appear to be the Union's long-term objectives, history may well interpret the current guaranteed wage drive as primarily a means of forcing employer cooperation in the drive for higher insurance benefits, rather than as a "patch-work" attempt to force a few individual firms to supplement inadequate insurance payments.

Quite apart from principles, there still exists much uncertainty over the legislative changes required in Canada and the United States to make such supplementation possible. Under the law as it stands, persons receiving guarantee payments would probably be disqualified from unemployment insurance benefits. In the United States, a recent study revealed that guarantee payments "have been universally regarded as wages (by state agencies) and therefore constitute a bar to the receipt of unemployment benefits". The present Ford plan is contingent on the obtaining of appropriate rulings from the home states of two-thirds of the employees before June, 1957, failing which the plan will terminate as of that date. It may be expected that any change in the legislation designed to benefit only those workers under guarantee plans will encounter heavy opposition.

In both the original UAW plan and the contracts negotiated with the auto firms, a maximum limit was placed on the employer's liability. In the Ford and General Motors plans, guarantee payments are to be made from a fund to be built up by employer contributions at the rate of 5c per hour for each employee working. This 5c contribution is the employer's maximum contractual liability under the plan.

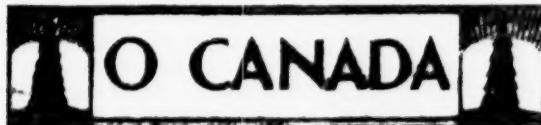
Thus the cost of these plans, contrary to a widespread impression, is not a fixed cost, but a cost which varies with the work-force and the number of hours worked. From the company's point of view, it is difficult to see any real difference between 5c per hour paid into a fund and 5c per hour paid in a wage increase. In fact, during the three years of the contract, there is every reason to expect that the cost of the 6c annual improvement-factor wage increase will be considerably greater than the cost of the wage guarantee, though the former received relatively little public attention in the excitement over the guarantee.

This, of course, assumes that lay-offs in the next three years will not be heavy enough to exhaust the fund. If they are, the employers may find themselves under pressure to increase their contributions in order to accommodate the higher seniority workers then being laid off, in which case the costs will become entirely unpredictable. It should be remembered, however, that the prime purpose of such wage guarantee plans is to offset the effects of seasonal unemployment (and, latterly, of automation). Few claim that a guaranteed wage plan, however sound, could weather a severe recession. In the final analysis, the success of such plans depends on the maintenance of a reasonably stable economy, largely through

well-informed monetary and fiscal policies implemented by government.

Even under stable general conditions, however, many firms will be in a weak or declining condition. These firms may be expected to pose a constant threat to the successful working of the guaranteed wage principle. The weak firms may simply be unable to bear the cost of building up the required funds. In declining firms experiencing increasing layoffs, payments into the fund will decrease at the same time as payments out of it are increasing. Any widespread defaulting on payments among such firms could undermine confidence in the entire plan, and without confidence no insurance or guarantee plan can long succeed.

The answer lies in adequate reinsurance to provide for pooling of risks. But here we come back to the point made at the outset of this article—that such reinsurance is provided automatically by the principle operative in unemployment insurance in Canada, where the cost of unemployment is a social cost, at least to the extent that it is shared equally by all industry. It is doubtful if a better, and a cheaper, method of pooling risks can be found.



Bertelsen was an ex-convict who served time for attempted murder of a policeman. He had been sentenced to 10 years but received time off for good behavior after he had shot Const. Cornish of Victoria police in the stomach.

(The Vancouver Province)

Our Alberta Library Association meeting this year was a lively one. It was originally scheduled to be held in Medicine Hat for the first time, but unfortunately the striking beer waiters made the situation awkward, so that it was held in Calgary again.

(Canadian Library Association Bulletin)

Business in Canada generally has been good this spring, despite last year's unfavorable crop on the prairies, (said William Kerr, vice-president and general manager of Toronto-Dominion Bank. "Actually, I don't feel as pessimistic about the prairie outlook as reports might indicate. True they had a bad crop last year, but this year they enter a new season with moisture," he stated.

* * *

In Ottawa two CCF members from flood-stricken areas in Saskatchewan and Manitoba pressed the Federal Government to act quickly to undertake flood control measures. (Vancouver Sun)

The emphasis would be on local programs, Mr. Allard said. Some material would be received from CBC, some would be kinescope or film, either Canadian or imported. Competition did not necessarily mean reliance on programs imported from the U.S. which, he said, would not likely exceed 50 per cent.

(Globe and Mail)

George Rowland, Independent Conservative candidate, says: . . . "Racial discrimination and every other kind of discrimination is a democratic privilege and a Christian heritage. Without discrimination there is no true freedom."

(Globe and Mail)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to Paul Wright, Prince George, B.C. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

ANY BOOK may be ordered from Canadian Forum Book Service at the regular publisher's price, postfree if payment is received with the order, or at publisher's price plus postage if the book is sent C.O.D.

Definition

Having picked stale chewing gum
from worn silver fillings
and scraped nicotine residue
from the base of your teeth,
with empty mouth and clear nostrils,
lips pressed to sun-breathed wind,
now follow me silently to where
sweet grass is ankle-deep,
dropping beneath this healthy leaf-shade.

Lie nakedly in the myriad blades
of green naivete thinking only
of sky and wind and summer warmth,
where poetry defines us everywhere:
pulsing . . . and wordless . . .

LEE RICHARD HAYMAN.

Katharine Mansfield

Hilda Kirkwood

► SINCE MANSFIELD'S DEATH at the age of 34 in 1923, she has been the subject of innumerable literary articles and there have been many futile attempts to explain the magic which is present in a handful of her stories to a degree which lifts them beyond anything of the sort written since, although imitators abound. Ever since the first essayist referred to her as the English Tchekov it has been fashionable to repeat this superficial judgment. One wishes the journalists had read more of their author and less of one another, for in spite of the fact of a certain similarity in technique, the spirit of her work is far different from that of the Russian master. His is a masculine world, often objectively described from the male viewpoint. Mansfield is the other side of the coin.

Her unique contribution to the English short story is directly related to her femininity and her complete acceptance of a woman's viewpoint. Surely this is the key to her individuality. What other writer, aside from Colette, has ever communicated the subjective experiences of womanhood so successfully? Consider the New Zealand stories, often selected as the height of her achievement. Here are the little girls, Kezia of *A Doll's House* and her sisters; Aunt Beryl, the young unmarried woman with her romantic fantasies; Linda Burnell, the children's mother, tired and detached; the incomparable servant girls, and old Mrs. Fairfield, the sweet grandmother. It is a small feminine world completely realized and exposed as with a fine scalpel. Their setting and their appearances are nowhere described, but suggested so deftly that we see them as clearly as if they lived in the next room, talking as they sew, crucifying their companions with feline cruelty, and sighing with relief when the male element departs.

Her children are unparalleled. She seems able to re-enter the world of childhood and comprehend it and convey it to us with the impact of direct experience. It is probably of significance to the understanding of these loving pictures of children that her own chances of motherhood were twice thwarted by her physical delicacy. That is not to say that her young creatures are not seen in all their cruelty as well as their charm. One of the most perfect of her childhood scenes is contained in *Prelude* in the episode where the children watch the hired man "Pat" decapitate the duck. As in a fine line drawing she creates her picture and with great economy discloses the personality of each child. There is here as elsewhere, a masterful use of evocative detail, an exquisite clarity of vision.

Mansfield's warm good sense and pervading humor have been consistently ignored by biographers who dwell on the "frail flower" aspect of her personality. A delightful delicacy of perception is of course one of the outstanding characteristics of her work, but it is a healthy humor which saves it from preciosity. Her humor is a part of the whole situation, occasionally exploding unexpectedly as it does in life, a relief from its tensions.

The Daughters of the Late Colonel is a wonderful example of a story pervaded by this humor. The situation is one of two mature women whose father, recently dead, still dominates their every move. The sisters are gentle, timid, pathetic, but lovingly drawn. The psychological core of the story is their relationship to their father, to each other and to their servants.

"Do you think we ought to have our dressing-gowns dyed as well?"

"Black?" almost shrieked Josephine.

"Well, what else?" said Constantia. "I was thinking . . . it doesn't seem quite sincere, in a way, to wear black out of doors and when we're fully dressed, and then when we're at home . . ."

"But nobody sees us," said Josephine. She gave the bed-clothes such a twitch that her feet became uncovered and she had to creep up the pillows to get them well under again.

"Kate does," said Constantia. "And the postman very well might."

Here they are, trembling on the threshold of their new found freedom, a prey to every doubt.

Constantia had done this thing without asking his permission. What would father say when he found out? For he

was bound to find out sooner or later. He always did. "Buried. You two girls had me buried!" She heard his stick thumping. Oh, what would they say? What possible excuse could they make?"

We know that father will dominate them as long as they live, and that because of him they will never dare to live.

Often in the work of women writers it is as if they said to themselves "This is what a man must be like." Mansfield makes no such attempt at reconstruction. She has observed coolly and she reports with some amusement the impact of these other beings on her feminine world. Here are no cardboard figures representing men, but men as women see them. Stanley Burnell does not occupy many lines in *At the Bay* yet we know by the way he bounces in and out of the house, demands his cane, and lays about him to impress his women, exactly the sort of man he is. No one could mistake *Mr. Reginald Peacock's Day* with its shattering satire, nor the unerring expose of male vanity in *A Birthday* for the work of Tchekov or any other man. These are two very funny stories and the fun in both cases is at the expense of a pompous man in relationship to a long-suffering wife. It is the reverse of Thurber's Man-as-victim-of-Woman theme.

From the memories, sensations and atmosphere of life she evolved a pattern for her work which is of a different order from that of the superimposed plot form. Life is wonderful as it is, and when a story conveys so precisely the feeling of a certain day or place, the essence of character highlighted by the passing sun and shadow of everyday situations, something rare has been achieved. She cuts below the surface of life in a not unusual family or in an unimportant European pension and we feel the underlying tensions implicit in all human relationships. She shows us, because we forget so easily, how extraordinary is ordinary life on an ordinary day.

Shakespeare Review

► AMONG THE VARIOUS pitched battles fought over the grave of Shakespeare, that between the actor and director on the one hand and the critic and teacher on the other has been as venerable and persistent as any. This stems from economic rivalry as well as professional jealousy. If the idea got around that book learning was sufficient for the understanding and appreciation of Shakespeare, what would happen to our budding Shakespearian actors? And should it turn out that the only requirement was occasional exposure to Shakespeare on the stage, who would buy the reading editions or the critics' criticism? In fact, who would bother to take a course in Shakespeare if he could help it?

But there are some signs of abatement in the perennial war between the theatre and the study, at least on one side. The critic-reader (although he persists in his reading) is inclined to be apologetic about the pleasure he gets outside of the theatre, while the actor-director, conscious of his moral victory, is inclined to be more contemptuous than truculent toward his rival. But it would be a pity if the battle should be lost by default, and the assorted reviews that follow are intended (in part) to give the harassed reader a shot in the arm, if he isn't too far gone to respond.

A recent TV panel on *Fighting Words* included Guthrie, Whitehead and Callaghan: two directors and a novelist. They differed on the question whether Shakespeare was being overperformed or underperformed, but on one thing they presented a united front. "We need not consider the teaching of Shakespeare," said Mr. Guthrie. "Surely we are all agreed that Shakespeare in the schools is deplorable." There was no sign of a dissenting voice. No one suggested that a bad performance of *Hamlet* might be as deadly as a



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bad class on *Hamlet*. No one pointed out that any good teacher or reader of Shakespeare is directing the play as he reads it. He is continually visualizing the relationship of the characters on the stage and keeping together as many of the threads of the action as possible. The reader may not have the advantage and disadvantage of being part of an audience, but at least he can choose his performance and does not have to take the dull or repellent one which may be thrust at him. Robertson Davies, who seems to have been bit by a Professor at an early age and is still trying to inoculate himself after the event, tells us in a recent *Saturday Night* that an actor who knows the complete words of a play may be a better critic than a scholar who is intent on proving a pet theory. So he may. But is it really characteristic of actors not to interpret in some individual way the roles that they perform? Which is blacker, the pot or the kettle? Did Alec Guinness have no pet theory or thesis in his *Richard the Third* or Irene Worth in her *Helena* or William Needles in his *Petruchio*? The Stratford productions have been nothing if not thesis-ridden, although if you regard "thesis" as a dirty word, you will no doubt state the fact differently. In fact, one thing that bothers some scholars (like Alfred Harbage in his recent *Alexander* lectures) about actors and directors is their insistence on a thesis. Where Shakespeare has left a mixture, they insist on giving us a solution. For all their emphasis on the cooperation of the audience in a performance, they prefer to leave the audience as little as possible to do. In *The Merchant of Venice*, for example, Shakespeare has left Antonio's melancholy in the air and has refused to emphasize any among a number of possible causes. One of these causes may be his love for Bassanio. This lightness of touch is probably what Mr. Guthrie means (in his commentary in the New Stratford edition)¹ by the "not fully realized character of Antonio." But the director apparently must realize this character. "[Bassanio's] relationship with Antonio is unmistakeably equivocal. If this is glossed over, the character of Antonio, the play's centrepiece, loses a very great deal of the meaning which I am convinced the author intended it to have." But why shouldn't Shakespeare be allowed to gloss over something if it suits him? Mr. Guthrie's underlining suggests a ludicrous picture of someone bringing Shakespeare's Victorian prudery up to date to suit a more emancipated audience.

And Robertson Davies himself, in *Twice Have the Trumpets Sounded*² a memento of last year's festival, interprets *Measure for Measure* in a manner that is really *plus academique que le professeur*. There are no fathers in Shakespeare it seems, just father-figures. Mr. Davies develops this idea at some length, for all the world as if he were parodying Stephen Daedalus' famous academic discussion in *Ulysses*. "But must we assume," says Mr. Davies, "that Shakespeare's own father is the sole inspiration for these problems which attach to father-figures? Was not the poet himself a father?" And he leaves the subject regretfully with a side glance at *The Tempest*, in which, *mirabile dictu*, there is also a father and a daughter. Perhaps the most amusing of these (most untheatrical) speculations (some of which may come from an unwritten PhD on Heavysege) is Mr. Davies' comment on the Duke's claim to Claudio that he is Angelo's confessor; "Now, on the face of it, this is a flat lie; the Duke is not confessor to Angelo, and knows nothing of the kind. But who is Angelo? Is he not the Duke's surrogate? . . . Is not Angelo, perhaps, an extension of the Duke's own per-

son — another aspect of the same man?" Unfortunately, the Duke also gave authority to Escalus and Mr. Davies is reduced to making him also an aspect of the Duke, although there is no "flat lie" here to help the theory along. All I can say about these "speculations" is that when Mr. Davies decides to forget about the stage he really forgets about it (particularly Shakespeare's own).

I am carping of course. The battle needs to be kept up, and this means assisting the underdog. But the carping should not go on forever. The New Stratford Shakespeare (text by G. B. Harrison, introduction and commentary by Tyrone Guthrie), in which I have looked at *Julius Caesar* and *The Merchant of Venice*, promises to be very useful for the general reader. Mr. Guthrie begins his introduction with a familiar piece of wishful thinking ("Shakespeare's plays . . . are the raw material for theatrical performances"), but his scene by scene comment is always forthright and stimulating. And whatever cobwebs may hang about Robertson Davies' academic criticism, as a practical critic of specific performances he is superb, whether he is commanding James Mason's *Oedipus*, condemning the music or the Yeats' translation, or simply describing how the minor characters in *The Shrew* did it. I can think of no one since Charles Lamb who has been able to recreate the qualities of a performance as successfully as Mr. Davies does, and he is ably assisted by Grant Macdonald's sketches.

As long as these reminiscent volumes on the Stratford festival sell, and are as well put out as this one, no one need object to their publication, unless they seem to savor of megalomania. On the *Fighting Words* program already mentioned, Mr. Guthrie insisted that Shakespeare was not performed enough. He thought that the three Stratford festivals (England, Ontario and Connecticut) ought to be supplemented by more such ventures. Someone else on the panel had the temerity to mention that there was, after all, another festival in Ontario by the Earle Grey players, but this seems to have exhausted the panel's knowledge. In fact, a look at the *Shakespeare Quarterly* would have shown Mr. Guthrie that in North America there were a great many Shakespeare festivals in 1954, some of them very enterprising. These included one month of the Oregon Festival (14th year), where the plays are "presented on a stage built from the dimensions of the Fortune Theatre" — the only Elizabethan stage whose dimensions we know; one month of the Shakespeare Festival of the Playrights Theatre Club; six weeks of the Antioch Shakespeare Festival, and six weeks of the San Diego Shakespeare Festival. Generally three or four plays were presented, ranging from the familiar to the rare. You could see *Henry VI Part Two* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* as well as *Hamlet* and *The Merchant of Venice*. Which of these festivals was above and which below the level of our Stratford Festival I do not know, but Tom Patterson might do worse than visit them and find out. Stratford's isolation in our eyes is partly the result of our own provincial ignorance.

What of those people who neither read Shakespeare nor see him in the theatre? They are unlikely to own a recording of one of the plays, but, in fact, there are a number of plays available to them in more or less complete performances. If you are thinking of buying such a recording, I strongly recommend the Old Vic performance of *Macbeth* on two Victor LP's. T. S. Eliot once remarked that "the essential advantage of the poet is not, to have a beautiful world with which to deal: it is to be able to see beneath both beauty and ugliness; to see the boredom, and the horror, and the glory." *Macbeth* has only a little glory, but it has a good deal of horror, and even more boredom. As somebody once suggested, for *Macbeth* crime not only doesn't pay but is a crashing bore as well. Alec Guinness in

¹THE NEW STRATFORD SHAKESPEARE: Text by G. B. Harrison, Introduction and Commentary by Tyrone Guthrie; \$1.00 each.

²TWICE HAVE THE TRUMPETS SOUNDED: Tyrone Guthrie, Robertson Davies and Grant Macdonald; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 193; \$4.00.



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the Old Vic performance gives us, almost from the start, a Macbeth who is the born victim of ennui. This may not be the whole Macbeth but it is the basic one, and Alec Guinness presents him with conviction and subtlety. Some may find the whole performance too subtle, too reserved, but it is a great relief after the last two performances I have watched: Orson Welles's ludicrous film version and Maurice Evans's coarse and clamorous TV presentation. After these I can really appreciate Andrew Cruikshank's beautifully modulated speaking of the part of Banquo. Much less good is the Old Vic *Romeo and Juliet* on three Victor LP's. Alan Badel's Romeo is articulate, but his voice has a huskiness and overripeness that spoils it for me. An unctuous Romeo is unthinkable. Peter Finch's Mercutio brims with invention and virtuosity, but the endless variety palls after a while. Textually the performance is both very timid and very speculative: timid, because most of the difficult passages are cut, including all of the last two scenes of Act Four; speculative, because the lines are full of fanciful emendations — or did the actors just have a lapse of memory? Claire Bloom's Juliet is charming, however, and may compensate you for the shortcomings.

MILTON WILSON.

Film Review

► AN EMBARRASSING NUMBER of good films have been shown in the local theatres this last month of which the most outstanding are *Gate of Hell* and *Forbidden Games*. Western critical reaction to the former has been so enthusiastic that a few words about the response of the Japanese themselves might be of interest.

Despite the fact that it is a superbly mounted piece featuring the popular Machiko Kyo and Eastman color, it did not attract undue attention at home nor make money there. This is surprising since such historical dramas set in the high chivalric period of feudal Japan with familiar stories drawn from the traditional theatre are favourite fare. The usual ingredients are a little refined violence and fierce emotion, a formal splendor with a certain element of documentary realism, and an excellent standard of craftsmanship.

To the Westerner of any aesthetic sensitivity this is a ravishing film, a poem of color and movement. Such subtlety and elegance of presentation are seldom seen in our movies. In the first scene people run from the palace like flowers scudding before the wind, and we are wafted into another world whose atmosphere is so coherent and details so perfect that the imagination is captured immediately and completely satisfied. In my opinion this is the quality which this film shares with great works of art. The only occidental movie which compares in its ability to recreate a similar epoch and theme is the charming *Les Visiteurs du Soir*. In addition the Japanese product is notable for magnificent costumes and décor, exquisitely inscrutable emotions, and interesting social nuances of the aristocratic life.

The comparison between the feudal structure of twelfth century Japan and Europe is quite remarkable. The local baron and his band of knightly retainers: a code of honor reminiscent of better-known chivalric orders; a similar attitude towards women of aristocratic position, cultivated to amuse and embellish hours of peace, with a hint of a code of love; and participation in joust-like tests of manly strength. But while the noble lords of Europe were clanking around their mouldy castles or gorging themselves on flesh and ale in smoky dog-ridden banquet halls and revelling in war, hunting, and superstition, the Japanese nobility was pursuing a highly refined life as intricate and formalized as that of Versailles.

The plot of the film is not so intricate however; it is a simple folk story which seems to be a sort of morality play whose ethical implications are not too clear to a Westerner since several interpretations could be drawn. The same difficulty appears in the characters, who are stereotypes in the plot but whose personalities are developed on other levels.

This movie should rate near the top of any list of "musts".

Also recommended in the same category is René Clement's *Forbidden Games*. A lot of silly remarks have been made by critics to the effect that this delightful film is marred by a morbid plot, but such people have obviously forgotten their own childhood and the innocent pleasures of burial games.

JOAN FOX.

NFB

The Magnificent	30 mins. 16 mm. b&w
Sailors of the Queen	20 mins. 16 mm. color
Sorel	11 mins. 16 & 35 mm. b&w
Vigil in the North	11 mins. 16 & 35 mm. b&w

► THIS BEING the fleeting but most effective age of Davy Crockett hero-worship, in which things American (originally on film) again capture the imagination of Canadian youth, it is not inappropriate, with this month's new films, to touch on the efficiency of Hollywood's movies dealing with the American armed forces and related subjects, and those made by Canadian film makers dealing with similar topics concerning this country.

It may well strike some readers as absurd to compare the tremendous production power of wealthy Hollywood to the slim resources of the NFB and other Canadian studios, but as it so often happens in creative endeavor money is not always the deciding factor, and one inspired film maker working in freedom can do as much for Canadian awareness as a unit from Hollywood (limited by the very expense which makes its work possible) can do in presenting the American viewpoint. The fact that the resulting Canadian film will not reach as many people as the Hollywood production is no reason for it to be less effective in presentation. Therefore, as Hollywood short subjects are made in much the same way, and sometimes at less expense, than Canadian documentaries, it is not so absurd to make comparisons and expect a comparable level of efficiency.

The cinematic exploits of the United States marines, army, navy and air-force, are known to every schoolboy, teen-ager and adult who regularly attends the movies and watches television. Recently, Hollywood has made a series of films showing the impressive power of the U.S. Navy's aircraft carriers and their jet planes, such as *Men of the Fighting Lady*, *The Bridges at Toko-Ri* and *The Eternal Sea*. One doesn't expect Canadian film makers to match these (although they could learn much from the documentary aspects of their production), but there is no reason why NFB's *The Magnificent* (the first of the 30-minute *On the Spot* television series, now available for regular showings) depicting a day's work on board the HMCS Magnificent, should not be as well-made as Twentieth Century-Fox's ten-minute short *A Day Aboard a Jet Carrier* (the USS Yorkton). Sad to relate however, the skill and impressive qualities of this film are absent from the Board's dismal tribute to the Magnificent. Director Julian Biggs has failed to invest in his portrayal the merest spark of feeling, excitement, originality, or the beauty and poetry that usually comes with films about the sea and ships. A drab and indifferently photographed picture (I have seen better material in newsreels), it opens with an unnecessary introduction by producer Robert Anderson which gives a good indication of what is to come—a commentator with more unnecessary words who is landed on the deck of the

Magnificent from a helicopter. An off-screen commentator is irksome enough in most films; to have one constantly before one's eyes clutching a microphone is too much to bear! The technique could be excused perhaps if this picture was filmed continuously within the space of time it takes to run, but it is part television technique and part film technique, the two being combined with unfortunate results. The crew is hardly ever prominently shown and the officers appear to be rather amused at the questions asked them. It is not the unit's fault, however, that the Magnificent looks rather old-fashioned with her propeller-driven aircraft.

The navy comes off badly this month, and also suffers at the hands of its own film unit, which photographed *Sailors of the Queen*, showing how five Canadian warships steamed across the Atlantic to attend the Coronation. Here an attempt to make a stirring tribute to the men of the navy has resulted in a somewhat schoolboy effort. The treatment is flat and slow, and the color, for the most part, is uneven with only an occasional scene registering naturally. The picture's quiet patriotic tone is to be applauded, but it would have carried more meaning had the visual portrayal been impressive.

The navy is not the primary subject of *Sorel*, but the new warship, HMCS Labrador, is shown being completed and commissioned after construction in the Sorel shipyards. Directed by Jean Palardy (from whom one expects better work) and photographed by three cameramen, *Sorel* doesn't seem to know how or where to begin, what to say, and jumps from one aspect of the story to another in a most undisciplined way. Again, an interesting subject is treated with superficiality and weighed down with a forced and unfelt commentary.

Vigil in the North takes us back to the Board's favorite location, the Arctic, to show how Canadian soldiers are being trained at Fort Churchill to fight two enemies, the one that might attack us and the cold climate. This is the first film to be directed for the Board by Fergus McDonnell, who has been an editor at the NFB for several years. He has approached the subject with caution and care and made a studied but routine film in which he gets no help from Ian MacNeill's flatly conceived script and over-written commentary. The camera has little to tell but the snow-scapes are pretty and the director has edited the closing battle maneuvers so that they do seem real—always a difficult task when the audience knows there is no enemy, and which can look silly as in *Sailors of the Queen*.

To call for effective films showing life among Canada's armed forces and subjects related to them is not to ask for the glorification of war or for an emphasis to be placed on warlike motives: but as long as the country has an army, navy and air-force and as long as nations will always be impressed by mighty ships, planes and marching men, then most certainly such activity should receive inspired attention from film makers. And in the result audiences should not be falsely stimulated by jingoism and loudly-voiced claims to superiority over others, but with a quiet and imaginative expression of efficiency, courage and natural pride in achievement. Perhaps the Board will do better when the Magnificent's sister-ship is commissioned. GERALD PRATLEY.

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►MR. GUILLET'S historical writings are so well-known that any work from his pen excites more than a passing interest, particularly when it covers much local history as does this, his most recent one.

The meticulous care and research, conspicuous in his *Early Life in Upper Canada* and his *Toronto: from Trading Post to Great City*, is again evident in *Pioneer Inns and Taverns*.*

Although the chapter headings refer only to the main theme, there runs through the whole book a thread of continuity with graphic descriptions of housing, living and road conditions in the province at different periods of its history. For this information Mr. Guillet has drawn liberally from John Ross Robertson's *Landmarks of Toronto*, from the Historical Collection of Pictures in the Toronto Public Library, from Dr. Henry Scadding's *Toronto of Old*, and a vast number of other sources, for which he gives generous credit in the preface. In the chapter on Upper Canada Inns he quotes from travellers of the eighteen-twenties, describing the accommodation afforded and the food supplied at that time by the ordinary boarding house and the smaller inn. At the better class hostels a charge of one dollar, or five shillings currency, procured separate and comfortable bedrooms. The inferior type of inn was neither comfortable nor convenient. The beds were usually indifferent and from four to ten people were often crowded into one room. Fleas and other vermin abounded; but as a rule the food was good and plentiful. According to Edward Talbot (1824) the typical rural tavern was usually a small log house, consisting of a kitchen, a bed-chamber, (with four or five beds, but little other equipment) and of course the customary bar-room. Many, if not most, of the early hotel-keepers were "speculating Yankees", with a sharp eye to the main chance.

Ten years later, Thomas Need, the founder of Bobcaygeon (*Six Years in the Bush*, 1832), describes the steam-boat hotel meals at Cobourg. Tea, coffee, toast, bread and the never-failing buckwheat cakes, crowned by a huge greasy dish of beef-steaks and onions formed the staple breakfast. Dinner, at which the host of the inn presided at the head of the table, consisted of a "Benjamin's mess" followed by puddings and creams, all of which were conveyed to the mouth on the blades of sharp, dirty knives; spoons and forks were yet a rarity.

Transportation before the 'fifties when the first railways arrived, comes in for considerable attention. William Weller, "the king of stage proprietors", was a respected citizen, whose coaches connected Cobourg, Port Hope and Peterborough tri-weekly, and later, Toronto and Montreal. His "turn-outs" were imposing, particularly the Toronto-Hamilton coach painted a bright yellow and drawn by spirited bays resplendent in well polished harness. When the Governor-General, the Right Hon. Poulett Thomson, wanted to make an urgent trip from Toronto to Montreal in February 1840, it was Mr. Weller he approached. That worthy undertook to land His Excellency in Montreal in thirty-six hours. With fresh horses arranged for at several points he actually did it in 35 hours and 40 minutes. For this triumph over distance and time he received £100 and a gold watch.

An illuminating chapter is that on "Temperance Societies, and Temperance Hotels". The excessive drinking by early settlers and travellers and the disgusting and often sordid

*PIONEER INNS AND TAVERNS: by Edwin C. Guillet, M.A.; 240 pages and 235 Illustrations. Published by the Author: Toronto 1954. Volume I. Ontario; with Detailed Reference to Metropolitan Toronto and Yonge Street to Penetanguishene.

Bus Into Night

We hang to the white line. We have an aim.
So have the cars flowing to us and away,
And the low cars that creep abreast and pass
With too much in the fastened hands that sway

The steering wheels an inch. So have the fields
Swept back in rows of furrows where dusk begins
To mount and overtake us. The line fades
A trifle as the dusk flows up and wins

A place beside the windows. Dimness fills
Inside with uneasy hurry, and the pace
Rattles as though quickened, loosens us from connections—
Till we are lost in motion when the race

Is won by this against us, this long dark
That seals us in, that stretches wide, that chases
Pale beams along the asphalt. Darkening motion
Dante could not have dreamt for us replaces

All destination, motion as circular
Taking our minds grooved for it. Oncoming lights
And passing lights wheel on. Earth in the dark
Follows a highway like her satellites.

Dorothy Roberts.

Artist's Model

No camera feeling of indifference but
An examined apple with the worms inside
Racing to vantage points; they wonder yet
If day's debauches may be seen outside.

How curious, the adult worms remark,
The artist's twitching face, his flying hands,
Assembling here the temporary smirk,
The brief opinion which an hour amends.

How curious, say the worm philosophers,
Identity flows outward, we grow less
By gram of weight or length of hairs,
And bolster this identity through loss.

How splendid, say the adolescent worms,
This odd amalgam that the artist shares
With us may rouse such rude scholastic storms,
Or turn with time to seed the stars.

And for an hour the worms made fantasies,
Dreamed deeds and caused small winds to stir
Of action and reaction—in their eyes
Were Crusoe, Christ, and Crippen the murderer.

The artist's fingers stopped—and in far fields
Outside the city among the tumbling, knitted,
Green mosaic of field and forest, held in the hot weld
Of momentary summer, the sun created.

Alfred W. Purdy.

Summer Afternoon

She sits in the shade of the porch and stares
across the familiar street and sees
other women in rocking chairs,
watching each other, taking their ease;

But does not notice the centuries
of sunshine staring away her days
(as she yawns a little and hopes for a breeze)
into a shade where she cannot gaze.

Gael Turnbull.

History Lesson on Point Grey

The eye sees at night, water tugging at the rocks,
A threat of storm above, reports of gales
Activated north along the coast, cloud formed windows
Pass and pass again along the moon.

In the green warrens of the sea where no bird flies,
Only the heavy headed cod
Sleeps toward the burning of the sands.

No horizon rises, only the sea merged to the sky,
And a foghorn on the unseen farther shore
Calls through the night to some
Unfortunate, invisible sea-fog demented ship.

No colours to say the sun's passing—
Only an ebbing of the timeless, final light.

The foghorn now a saurian;
Black, glistening, lifting an amazing, evil neck
Into the sightless air.
Calling bass-voiced to what no eye would see.
What might have been red port lights
Are the surfaced eyes of some huge-backed,
Floating, dark, sea-kept immensity.

The dull ocean fumbles at the shore.

Imagine now some gentle and most frightened thing
Thrown to the serpent end of time.
Trapped between dark trees full of horrors
And the waters lying in death before.

Imagine now the dark trees endless, slow, demented shower
Of curled leaves that fall like furtive souls,
Passing like the footfall of an hour.
Imagine the soft half silent spinning of the leaves
And the cold half living whisper of the sea,
The dark, unseen, reptilian company.

Then would prayer unbolt some fire, some light,
Some flame in this black rush of time.
Then should the moon appear.
Then should the golden sun return.
Then should the earth spit up vast skeletons
And all the voices of the sea gape watery mouths and yell.

But time has slipped away again.
On the mountain's dark we see, processional,
Bright torches carried in a long and flaming row.
Imagine now dark Druids or masked Haidas;
Imagine now dawn man in primal night;
The lizards dead, man born, we see first men
Enact the burial of first man dead.

Curt Lang.

The Rooted

Sparrows chirp bland sound.
Their plainness is annoying
Sometimes:
The artless girl
In artless dress
Offers bare compassion;
While
Brilliant in the background
Coy sister beauty threatens
To sweep her noisy color
Off to soundless distance.

Lee Richard Hayman.

conditions in which the liquor was served, in time aroused sober citizens to form abstinence and temperance societies.

These societies were mainly two: one in which the "pledge" differentiated between "ardent liquors" (whiskey, gin and rum) and beer and wine; the other in which the pledge meant *total* abstinence. Eventually both groups were united in one provincial body. By the 'fifties, many societies met regularly and sponsored children's branches which were both social and educational.

The first Temperance Hall in Upper Canada was erected in Oakville in 1843 and "cold water" soirees there were frequent. At one soiree in 1851 the Sons of Temperance in full regalia marched in procession through the streets and back to the Hall where refreshments were served to more than five hundred persons, while many were turned away.

Of particular interest is the chapter relative to Toronto in the beginning. The first inn of which there is any record is that of Abner Miles in the middle of the town. Miles, in addition to being "mine host" for transients, catered also for private dinners and public functions, which were attended by the prominent citizens and officials of the town. In addition, he seems to have carried on a lucrative business as a general storekeeper. As early as 1801, Miles' tavern was superseded by Jordan's York Hotel reputed the most fashionable in the Province. William Cooper's Toronto Coffee House was both an inn and a general store, Forest's Inn and the Mansion House were well conducted, but visitors over the years were by no means unanimous in their opinions of the excellence of its accommodation.

In 1801 the civil authorities decided that six persons were a sufficient number for keeping tavern in the Town of York, but by 1812, the number had been increased to nine.

The title of the book might give the impression that the text is restricted to taverns and inns. Mr. Guillet, however, in writing at great length on the subject, has managed to include considerable relevant information about local events, municipal affairs, streets therein and roads through the country. Churches and schools are cited and early volunteer fire brigades.

Suburban Toronto sixty years ago, now part of a great metropolis, comes in for considerable attention. Yorkville (north of Bloor Street) had been annexed in 1883; as St. Paul's Ward; but other areas, such as Parkdale, Seaton Village, Brockton, Dovercourt, Leslieville soon followed. In 1890, Davisville, Bedford Park and Eglinton were united as the municipality of the Town of North Toronto, to become Ward 9 in 1912. Each of the districts mentioned had its own community life, and generally one or more inns. These inns on the main travelled areas did a thriving business as "half-way" houses for stage-coaches, farmers and other travellers. Similarly on the Kingston and Danforth Roads to the east of Toronto, and on Dundas Street to the west there flourished, until comparatively recently, many hostelleries of greater or less excellence — the Halfway House at Scarboro was one — the names of which are still recalled by many citizens.

A word of praise must be said of the illustrations — 235 of them from drawings and photographs — which appear throughout the book. They are from many sources and while they do not always coincide with the text they illustrate it admirably. Frequently they show the contrast between "then and now" and add greatly to the interest of the work. The maps of Miss J. W. Kinton inserted as end-papers enhance its historical value.

The reader will regret the absence of an index and a list of illustrations. These, no doubt, will be supplied with the third and last volume of the series which will thus provide a most valuable record and book of reference for present and future generations.

T. A. REED.

Books Reviewed

NATIONALISM. MYTH AND REALITY: Boyd C. Shafer; George J. McLeod (Harcourt, Brace and Co.); Pp. x, 319; \$5.75.

That nationalism is the most potent force of our times there can be little doubt, though many who once saw hope in this fact now regard it with apprehension, feeling strongly that unless the conflict-breeding, hate-ridden spirit of nationalism be dimmed, or transcended by an outlook more universal, more humane, the species *Homo sapiens* will wipe itself out of existence in the wars of nation-states.

Of this point-of-view is Professor Shafer. A trained historian, at present the editor of the *American Historical Review*, he has given twenty years of thought to this question, "the chief problem of our time." In this volume he sets forth his mature reflections.

The nonsense of the racial origins of nations, of the cry of natural national boundaries, of nations decreed by Fate or by God — arguments so often used to justify claims, wars, domination of one people by another — is shown here for the irrational folly it is. Yet illogical though they be, such arguments, when believed by whole nations, have moved men to fierce action, to conquest, empire, and dreams of world hegemony. The truth is, nations have grown, like other human institutions, out of men's needs, their fears, hates, loves. Since the French Revolution the nation, democratized, has taken the place of all other loyalties for most people, first in Western Europe, then throughout the world, until today we see the last stages of this development in Africa and Asia. Nationalism has become the predominant religion of our world, drawing into its fold liberal and conservative, Communist and Christian. None the less the success of nationalism (which divides men, culls them into groups by emphasizing their differences, sets them against each other) obscures the real fact that men have as much or more in common as they have differences. Man is one species, essentially the same everywhere and always. The day may come when political, social, economic, and cultural developments, such as brought about the rise of nations, will bring into clearer focus the oneness of man, and the need of human institutions to cater to the needs of mankind as a whole rather than to men divided. Nations, man-created institutions, can die, as did the feudal states before them, and be replaced by new institutions to meet new needs.

This is Professor Shafer's thesis. It is extremely well-documented for he has used the literature of anthropology, biology, psychology, and sociology as well as of history, political science, and economics. His footnotes, and a well selected bibliography, provide a most valuable guide to further reading. All in all this is as useful and reliable a synthesis of present and past thinking on nationalism as can be found.

Richard M. Saunders.

OUR SECRET ALLIES: THE PEOPLES OF RUSSIA.

'Eugene Lyons'; Burns & MacEachern; pp. 376; \$3.50.

Mr. Lyons, a senior editor of *Reader's Digest*, was a United Press correspondent in Soviet Russia in the years 1928-1934. His book on his experiences there, *Assignment in Utopia*, was revealing on the Soviet reality. As the first chairman of the "American Committee for Liberation from Bolshevism" he has been advocating the idea that in a Cold or Hot war with Russia the vital element would be the allegiance of the Soviet peoples. "My purpose" he says of his book, "has been primarily to present the philosophy of alliance with the Kremlin's internal opposition, to establish that we have friends and allies within the Soviet Union whose members can ultimately embrace nearly the entire population".

Mr. Lyons certainly proves that the Soviet peoples do not love their regime; the mass surrender of 3-4,000,000 Russians to the German armies in the first months of the 1941 offensive is ample proof of this. But to claim that the amount of terror applied is equivalent to the resistance it meets is to go to the extreme; on the contrary, terror has always been limited by the reaction of its victims and enhanced by passivity. The idea that the Soviet peoples must not be treated as enemies is very sound but it involves a number of complex problems which remain unsolved. One question, for instance, is how we are to gauge the amount of potential Russian co-operation; an interesting work in this connection is Margaret Mead's: *Soviet Attitudes towards Authority* (New York 1951, Rand Series). Another, which Mr. Lyons does not mention, is the tradition of distrust of the West which we find in the Russian philosophy of the last 150 years. A third problem is how to find leaders whom the Russian millions will follow; a question intimately linked with this one is, who are the Russian peoples and how great is their degree of separationism or cohesion? Mr. Lyons settles this in favor of the Great Russians and calls it a secondary problem. It is in fact the decisive question mark on which Western statesmen will have to make up their minds. E. H. Carr's description of the Communist taking over of the Asiatic peoples of Imperial Russia (*History of the Bolshevik Revolution*, vol. 1) is worth reading here as is also Walter Kolarz, *Russia and her Colonies*. H. Seton-Watson's *East European Revolution* and *The Pattern of Communist Revolution* are equally worth reading on East European problems. The dangers which a Russia, with its present frontiers, under any regime, would spell to European and world peace, cannot be disregarded. It seems to me also that Mr. Lyons is too sanguine about the "democracy" of the Vlasov movement; Mr. G. Fisher has written the best study of this, the only organized Russian opposition to Stalin, noting the similarity of the Prague Manifesto with the Soviet system — in general, the repetition of the paradox of authoritarian centralism and individual freedom (G. Fisher, *Soviet Opposition to Stalin*. Harvard University Press, 1952). It seems to me that some compromise must be worked out between the separate nationalities of Soviet Russia and the Great Russians who rule them. Finally, democracy needs care, nourishment, and time; just because we sympathize with a movement it does not *ipso facto* become democratic, independently of historical development. Mr. Lyons' book is a timely reassessment of the Russian problem, although it offers hope rather than practical solutions.

Anna M. Cienciala.

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE FREE: THE GERMANS, 1933-45: Milton Mayer; University of Toronto Press; (University of Chicago Press); pp. xii, 346; 1955; \$4.75.

Milton Mayer, an American publicist of German-Jewish stock, was appalled yet fascinated by the unopposed triumph of Nazism. Under the auspices of Frankfort University he embarked on a unique venture in social research. During a whole year in a small town he excavated tirelessly the souls of ten "little men," his "Nazi friends," who had accepted Hitlerian slavery, mistaking it for freedom.

His conclusions are not as new as his method: "similar manners will naturally be produced by similar conditions". Given similar "pressures," it could happen here. He sees Germany subjected historically to tremendous pressures from without and from within: the recurring "German breakout is a kind of paranoid panic." Defeat (1918), inflation, mass-unemployment, the impotence of "Weimar" and the Churches left the "little people" feeling hopeless and outcast. The Nazi Party alone gathered them under its

wing and gave them a sense of "belonging"; "they never had it so good!" They did not see its perils and abominations until after. The required scapegoat was the Jew: "National Socialism was anti-Semitism."

The benign American Occupation, with de-Nazification and re-education has failed. Germany's salvation demands that all pressures, American and Russian, be lifted; we must not press the Germans "to re-embrace militarist anti-Communism as a way of life." S. Mack Eastman.

THE UNITED STATES AND ARGENTINA: Arthur P. Whitaker; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Harvard); pp. 234; \$6.15.

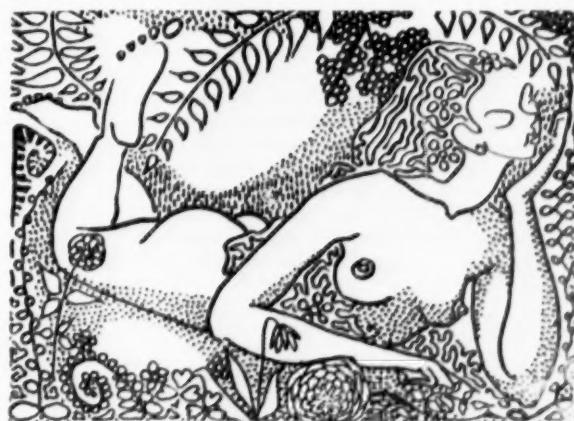
Dr Arthur Whitaker, one of the outstanding United States authorities on the problems of Latin America, makes quite clear that difficulties between the United States and Argentina did not begin with Peron. He notes that "the four most persistent traditions of Argentine foreign policy have been those of her hegemony in the River Plate area, her opposition to intervention, her special relationship to the other Latin American states, and her avoidance of multi-lateral alliances and other security arrangements. All four date from the beginning of independence."

Argentina has been traditionally much closer to Europe than to North America. This fact as well as "the four most persistent traditions of Argentine foreign policy" made it doubtful about Pan Americanism. Dr. Whitaker comments: "Pan Americanism . . . provides one of the major clues to the development of relations between Argentina and the United States since 1890. Promoted mainly by the United States, the Pan American movement was at first designed to support its economic interests in Latin America."

The author goes on to note that "beginning in 1936, however, the character of the movement was profoundly altered under Washington's leadership, in order to meet the rising threat from the Axis . . ." Only seven years after this change, the military seized power in a coup d'état, paving the way for Peron's ascension to the presidency three years later.

Dr. Whitaker notes that Peron gained wide popularity among the rank and file of the population by a policy of labor and social legislation and by supporting those trade unions which would back him politically, and he discusses the Peronista program of milking agriculture for the benefit of industry, the armed forces and other favored elements in the Peron regime.

In foreign affairs, Peron has adopted what he has called a "third position", that is, not siding either with the United States or with the Soviet Union.



DRAWING—RICHARD LAMBERT

This "third position" was made necessary, says Whitaker, because the defeat of Argentina's Axis friends "left her bereft of strong friends and almost completely isolated". During the whole period from 1946 to 1953 Peron pushed his "third position", which involved, among other things, attempts to assume the leadership of the underdeveloped countries in international economic conferences, to build up a popular "Peronista" movement in other Latin American countries, and to use Argentina's economic strength to influence the policies of the other American countries.

The results of this policy were frugal. Presidents of neighboring countries elected with the help of Peron did not seem willing to follow the Argentine President's leadership in continental affairs. Seven years' work among the workers of the hemisphere had provided only a rather rachitic continental labor group, the so-called ATLAS. And the economic position of Argentina had been generally transformed for the worse during these years by too-hasty industrialization and undermining of the nation's agriculture.

The change which has come about in Peron's apparent attitude towards the U.S. since 1953 is merely an indication of Peron's basic opportunism. Dr. Whitaker says that "the generally negative results of Peron's Latin American campaign may help to explain why, in the field of foreign relations, the whole mood of his regime seemed to change in the year following the death of Evita". This led to what Dr. Whitaker calls a "modus vivendi" between the two governments, which he believes Peron hoped would bring a stream of private investment from the U.S., inter-governmental loans, and military aid.

This warming up of relations between the two countries is just the latest in a series of twists and turns in the policies of both countries. Dr. Whitaker makes no attempt to say what policy the United States should adopt towards Argentina. He is concerned with reporting the facts of the relations between the two nations and he shows full awareness of the fact that the Argentine leopard has not become a friendly house cat, in spite of the purring which has been heard from Buenos Aires in the last two years.

Robert J. Alexander.

ADMIRAL KIMMEL'S STORY: Husband E. Kimmel; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. xvi, 208; \$4.85.

This is a rather tragic little book by one of the first American victims of the Second World War, Admiral Kimmel, who on December 7, 1941, was Commander-in-Chief of the United States Pacific Fleet based at Pearl Harbor. After that fleet was surprised and in great part destroyed by the Japanese, Kimmel (and his Army "opposite number," General Short) became objects of popular scorn and hostility. The Admiral was relieved of his command ten days after the attack, and never employed again. Convinced that he was unjustly treated, he has been fighting ever since for vindication. This book puts his case and tells the story of his fight. The essence of his argument is that the responsibility for the disaster rests not with him, but with the higher authorities in Washington who failed to provide him with information in their hands which might have indicated that an attack on Pearl was intended. (*Might* is the operative word here; after the attack nobody could doubt the significance of the fact that the Japanese consul was passing information to his government about ships berthed at Pearl Harbor, but before it, this point, among so many other points, possibly would not seem quite so significant.)

The reader would be well advised to read, along with this book, Samuel Eliot Morison's judicious summing up of the evidence in *The Rising Sun in the Pacific*. In a passage which gets some support from Admiral Kimmel's own account, Morison writes, "Kimmel and Short concentrated on training

at the expense of alertness. That was a tragic mistake, but an honest one." After Pearl Harbor, however, the public was not in a mood to understand or condone such mistakes. One need not accept all Admiral Kimmel's arguments in order to sympathize with him. His book is evidence of how little hope there is of meeting a judicial or charitable attitude in the people of a nation in the grip of war hysteria.

C. P. Stacey.

THE AMERICAN STORY: Garet Garrett; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 400; \$6.50.

In the memorable words of the authors of "1066 And All That," history "is what you can remember. All other history defeats itself." Mr. Garrett's book represents what a constant reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* should remember about the history of the United States. Hardly a cliché, accurate or inaccurate, of the patriotic version is missing. Europe is bad, America is good; socialism is bad, capitalism is good. On the whole, the United States has been going downhill since the 1890's, as a result of engaging in crusades abroad and giving in to the welfare state at home.

One of the main reasons for this retrogression was the large immigration from southern and eastern Europe after the 1880's, which weakened the Nordic and Protestant character of the United States, and brought in people who cared little about free competitive capitalism. As might be expected from a book originally published by the Henry Regnery Company, Franklin Roosevelt is one of the main villains, since he destroyed the Constitution and "lied" the country into war.

There may be a "new conservatism," as is now fashionably claimed. At any rate Mr. Garrett's book looks to the old, or Benjamin Harrison-Calvin Coolidge conservatism. Here then, in the publisher's blurb, is "the real story of the real America"; in Carl Becker's phrase, without fear and without research.

G. M. Craig.

THE FIFTH AMENDMENT TODAY: Erwin N. Griswold; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 82; \$2.65.

Dean Erwin N. Griswold has, in the three speeches making up this book, focused accurately on the real issue of the Fifth Amendment in the United States. The privilege against self-incrimination is to him, in our present troubles, the bulwark of the individual against "the collective power of the state." "One way to evaluate a political instrument," he says, "is to consider what the situation would be if it did not exist." This statement may be as persuasive as our imagination, but by getting to the root reasons for the privilege and showing how in our personal and political lives it works to shield the innocent as well as guilty, we are persuaded that here is "one of the landmarks in man's struggle to make himself civilized."

This issue, arising most recently out of Congressional inquiries, should not however be confused with the separation of power between Congress, the Executive and the Judiciary, and their historic struggles. These struggles have usually reflected the rise of some new class or group and its access to the sources of power, each era finding a tentative balance in which the gains of one class are often shared by others. This division of power among many factions, groups and interests is the theory if not the practice of democracy in the States: spread the power base and limit the exercise of absolute power. An individual who can, in such a pluralistic society, share power and even exercise it privately through class, group or party organization — through his multiple identifications and loyalties — is thus afforded protection from the collective power, the state. But what of the individuals left in the interstices of these class, group and party struggles; who do not have recourse to such power media; or, who do not seek the advantage they provide? For them —

the unadjusted, the dissenting, the outsider — the constitutional guarantees remain their only protection.

It may be apparent to some, even axiomatic, that in protecting another's liberty we preserve our own. But how many of the axioms of the Eighteenth Century have survived the Twentieth? If there is no powerful class or group who can see its interest in protecting the lonely liberties of these men, then we should be thankful to Dean Griswold for reminding us how, in the midst of past troubles, revolutionary American lawyers like John Adams and Josiah Quincy, Jr. defended the British soldiers who had participated in the Boston Massacre. Despite the present tendency of lawyers, of the profession itself, to be dominated by their two great employers — government and big business, it will be in large measure to them that other people's liberties are committed. Many of them, devoted men, will have listened to Dean Griswold's "conservative arguments," conserving, it would seem, a radical tradition that continues not at barricades but in courtrooms and legislatures here and there across the country.

Saul Touster.

THE CRIME OF GALILEO: Giorgio de Santillana; University of Toronto Press; pp. 339; \$5.75.

The famous trial of Galileo offers many similarities to trials and investigations that are being held to-day, on both sides of the Iron Curtain. The issue, then as now, is not between science and religion, or anything of that sort, but between the freedom of the intellectual giant, on the one hand, and the authority of the State, together with the whole pattern of the *status quo*, on the other.

This brilliant and exciting book, by the Professor of the History and Philosophy of Science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, examines the forces arrayed against Galileo. They were made up partly of vested academic interests, led by the Jesuits who feared that their hold on the educational system was threatened, and partly of the masters of the monolithic state who were alarmed by the possibilities of social disintegration inherent in "innovations". The theological and theoretical questions were subordinate to the political and social issues.

This interpretation casts light on Galileo's celebrated recantation. This is to be understood along the lines of the "confessions" of the old Communists in the Russian treason trials. These men were willing to submit abjectly for the sake of the Communist cause and the stability of the Communist state. Galileo, a loyal son of the Church, was willing to do the same at the order of his ecclesiastical superiors. "There was a time when the corporate religious unity of Christendom . . . was conceived to be at least as important as . . . political unity is thought to be to-day" (p. 299).

The Crime of Galileo is both a fascinating historical study and also a profound analysis of a perennial social and human problem.

D. R. G. Owen.

SPINOZA'S THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE: C. H. Parkinson; Oxford; pp. ix, 197; \$3.25.

TULANE STUDIES IN PHILOSOPHY (VOL. III): A SYMPOSIUM ON KANT: The Tulane University Bookstore; pp. 161; \$2.00 (U.S.A.)

The re-evaluation of historical figures is a dangerous though important enterprise: dangerous because of incipient anachronisms, important for the service of helping new generations to understand past thought. Of this latter kind of service, Mr. Parkinson's book is an admirable example. Mr. Parkinson has been content to examine Spinoza in the latter's own terms, and to show that his theory of knowledge is "an intelligible theory — a fact which does not always emerge from criticisms of it."

One of the central concerns of his study is the relation

between Spinoza's deductive method of presentation and the experimental reference of many of his propositions. This relation is what Kant later designated as analytic-synthetic. The temptation has always been to read Spinoza as a rationalist, *a priori* thinker; but Mr. Parkinson reminds us that Spinoza insisted he was "not concerned with concepts of things of reason alone, but with what exists." The propositions of his *Ethics* can thus be treated as similar to Kant's synthetic *a priori* propositions, although they are exhibited in "a guise more suited to analytic truths."

Parkinson also argues that, once we see the synthetic character of Spinoza's propositions, we are prepared to reject the label of "coherence theory" applied to his theory of truth. Again, it is the deductive framework that lends the appearance of a coherence stress to his theory of truth; but the usual emphasis upon totality and completeness is absent from Spinoza's account. "Though Spinoza insists on the importance of system," Mr. Parkinson writes, "he does not say that it is necessary to complete this system before anything can be known, but only that it is necessary to know the definitions and axioms on which the whole system is based." These points about methodology and empirical reference are perhaps the most interesting and important arguments of Parkinson's careful study.

The Tulane Symposium on Kant presents quite a different picture of historical re-examination. The foreword (written by James K. Feibleman and H. N. Lee) unfortunately sets a strong tone of historical relativism frequently echoed in the other contributions. The claim is that our understanding of the past can only be done from the perspective of the present; that indeed Kant can only be understood in the light of "what grew out of" his philosophy; and that "probably each generation will have its own Kant." Accordingly, Carl H. Hamburg justifies his analysis of Cassirer's Kantian doctrines by saying that Kant would have approved the "attempt to assess the potential merit of his critical philosophy by applying it in ways and areas unknown to him." And Mr. Lee seeks to test the validity of Kant's categories by asking how much of Kant's general position can be accepted from the perspective of recent attitudes in logic and physics.

The orientation becomes more dominant and distorting, however, in Mr. Feibleman's essay on "Kant and Metaphysics." Here the claim is quite open: "What we wish to assay . . . is the value of Kant's findings from one contemporary point of view." That point of view turns out to be the one "of the realist philosophy which starts from the acceptance of a knowable concrete world and its independent abstractions." Mr. Feibleman seems non-plussed at the regrettable fact that this is precisely the position Kant tried to deny. But not all of Mr. Feibleman's distortions can be traced to his naiveté, e.g., when he makes Kant the founder of epistemology; when he says that "epistemology is the study of how orthologies are accepted"; or when he writes that "Berkeley had showed that there is no object."

Fortunately, Mr. Feibleman's essay does not characterize the quality of the volume as a whole, although all the contributions, even when competent, are uninspired. Taken as a commemorative volume in honor of the 150th anniversary of Kant's death, this collection of essays can hardly be said to fulfill its function toward a great thinker.

John W. Volton.

DAYS OF LORNE: W. Stewart MacNutt; Brunswick Press; pp. x, 262; \$4.75.

This book deals with the five year period (1878-1883) during which the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise held court at Rideau Hall. The primary source material for the study — the Lorne Papers, now in the possession of the

Duke of Argyll — reveals that Queen Victoria's daughter was something less than a tower of strength beside her viceregal husband. Indeed, glances behind the scenes at the little Ottawa court suggest that the wounded Canadian vanity of the time was substantially correct when it concluded that the princess found Canada boring and unattractive.

For the Governor-General this attitude on the part of his wife must have been particularly galling — since he was genuinely interested in the Canadian federal experiment and in the future of nationalism within the Empire. Lorne came to Canada fully aware of the great influence upon policy which his predecessor, Lord Dufferin, had exercised. He did his best to wield a similar influence. But the most interesting point about Lorne's administration was his complete capitulation to Macdonald in the matter of Letellier's dismissal. Where Lorne's influence was real it was in assisting Macdonald's policies rather than in opposing them — and this is the measure of the rapid expansion of national independence which occurred during the Macdonald period. If Lorne could not make Macdonald politically pure, he could and did help to open London's eyes to the need for increasing Canadian autonomy. Recognizing the need for a new understanding of Canada's status within the Empire, Lorne supported the appointment of Sir Alexander T. Galt as a "diplomatic" representative of Canada in London (even though this meant a diminution of the Governor-General's own importance as a channel of imperial communication). It is true that Lorne did not wish to see the loosening up of the Empire proceed as rapidly as, in practice, Macdonald was ready to approve — but he did work in this direction. Macdonald could say of him that he was "a right good fellow and a good Canadian" — that is, the Governor-General had already become a Canadian monarch.

Professor MacNutt's volume is a series of sketches of different aspects of Lord Lorne's administration, and includes sections on Fenian dangers, western problems, and defence. The style is somewhat uneven, although at times enlivened by astringent phrases. As a matter of preference I would like to have seen a more definite thesis developed, but the author has preferred to let his material (much of which is both interesting and new) speak for itself. *K. M.*

ACADIAN BETRAYAL: Mary Weekes; Burns & MacEachern; pp. 301; \$4.00.

The expulsion of the Acadians by Acting Governor Lawrence in 1755, considered such a blot in the history of Canada, leaves this reviewer somewhat cold. Perhaps in another two centuries the solution to the present uneasy, uncomfortable, and unhappy relationship between French and English Canadian groups will appear as clear-cut and obvious to all as presumably the solution of the problem of the Acadians seems to us now. The point is, rather than sublimating an unconscious sense of guilt by righteous indignation against treatment of French Canadians long dead (and therefore no threat to us), it might be more worthy to try to face a present situation honestly.

This particularly story is of an especially exciting episode in the history of the Expulsion — the story of how Joseph Girouard, called Beaulieu, and his companions overthrew the captain and the crew of the ship "Pembroke" in which they were being deported, commandeered it, and returned to the river St. John. Visually, this story might be very effective — starting in church with the pronouncement of the banishment by the English; showing the hurried harried march into the ship; the ghastly crowding of men, women and children into the hold; the fine spectacle of the sailing-ship in a storm; the fight on deck between the Acadian men and the English sailors, and further battles between the

ship, now in Acadian hands, and privateers. In short it would make a romantic swashbuckling movie, where lack of finely-drawn characters could be taken care of by the personality of the actors — say Errol Flynn, with Maureen O'Hara as his sweetheart Marie. *S. Lambert.*

ANNA AND THE INDIANS: Nan Shipley; Ryerson; pp. 237; \$3.75.

This is the story of a Canadian girl from Quebec who went as a bride in 1895 with her husband, a missionary, to administer to the Cree Indians of Northern Manitoba. Single-handed she administered first aid, and equipped with only a nurse's kit, performed operations and deliveries and tried to teach the rudiments of hygiene as well as fighting the more horrible abominations of the witch doctors. For twenty years this work was carried on under conditions of hardship difficult to visualize today when air travel has brought this recently isolated land within easy reach of help through airborne supplies and medical aid.

The difficulties involved in getting in to her first home at Nelson House, at the western extremity of the Burntwood River System, by Indian canoes, over fly-ridden portages, dressed in the restricting garb ordained for females in the 90's would have stopped most people before they started. She lived in isolation from all but the natives, seeing the wife of the nearest trader perhaps once a year; sharing her house and precarious share of provisions with all the desperate strangers at her door, bereaved and broken by starvation and disease. Her children were born and most of them died victims of the destitute north.

Although the writing is simple to the point of being graceless, this is a moving story of Anna Gaudin, her husband, her Indian friends and their beautiful killing country. It is not literature, but a valuable piece of Canadiana.

H. T. K.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD: VIEWS AND REVIEWS ON POETRY: Arthur S. Bourinot; privately published, 158 Carleton Road, Ottawa; pp. 21; \$1.00.

Arthur Bourinot was editor of *Canadian Poetry Magazine* (the Canadian Authors' Association magazine) from 1948 to 1954, after Earle Birney resigned from the editorship in despair. The present 20-page pamphlet, published at the expense of the author, consists of some occasional bits of writing on Canadian poetry that contain nothing of value in themselves but may be useful to knock gently with a brickbat as another remnant of Canadian literary pedestrianism, and general backwardness, and humble-pie gentility. (Mr. Bourinot lauds the virtue of "humility" thrice in three pages but displays little of it in his carping at the so-called modern poets.)

Two pages on "A Neglected Field in Canadian Literature" make a patriotic plea for the publication of "the letters" of many of our neglected Canadian poets: "patriotic", because the motive of this plea, like all Mr. Bourinot's writing on poetry is based in sentiment and not in any relevant concern with ideas or the world. He has little understanding of the moderns he tries to chasten and correct. His point, made in two addresses here reprinted, is the need for "a sane balance between tradition and experiment." Truly, is there any "experiment" to speak of in Canadian poetry? Most of the poets are pursuing established lines, in a twentieth-century idiom. Is there any obscurity? There is not one poem that has ever stomped any critic in our midst for more than fifteen minutes. "Cultivate clarity and simplicity" is certainly not advice that Canadian poets and poetesses need. Nor is Mr. Bourinot's plea on behalf of the reader — "Surely one

should not tax the reader" — the advice that readers of comics and watchers of TV ought to get.

Mr. Bourinot's attempt to strike the "happy medium" with typical Canadian sanity and sobriety would be to the point if he were writing to a nation of Bohemian extremists; but Canada — need it be said — is a land of all-too-simple and conventional Philistines in any art, who might better be spurred on to a bit of excess rather than tamed to the standards of the *Canadian Poetry Magazine*. *Louis Dudek*.

CANADIAN WATER COLOUR PAINTING: Paul Duval; Burns & MacEachern; 109 plates; \$7.50.

The mere fact of possessing an oil painting is often a matter of pride for many owners, regardless of the artist, the quality, or the content. One never hears, on the other hand, anyone boast of owning "an original water color".

The reasons for this rather absurd over-estimation of oil and consequent under-estimation of other media might well be as interesting to the social scientist as to the art historian. (This discrimination against water color occurs only in the Western society). Consequently Mr. Duval's book is useful and interesting not only as a historical and critical production of Canadian painting but also as an attempt to give water color its rightful place in the sun.

We are treated to the early topographers' work, fascinating historically and pictorially, watch European influence wax and wane through Horatio Walker's, Jeffrey's, Morrice's work, and wax and wane again through contemporary artists' work. All the painting is not strictly water color — there are mixed, gouache and opaque pigments as well.

Purely as a matter of personal taste I should have preferred the text to follow along with the paintings, thus saving much flipping back and forth. The selection is good, with fine reproduction, and the color plates are so excellent that it's a pity we couldn't have more. *R.T.L.*

TIBETAN MARCHES: André Migot; trans. by Peter Fleming; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 288; \$3.75.

This is a new book about Tibet, published by Rupert Hart-Davis, who recently had such success with *Seven Years in Tibet*; but it is neither as exciting nor as revealing as Harrer's account of his adventures in Tibet.

All of *Tibetan Marches*, except the last chapter, concerns itself with a day-by-day description of the author's journey, mostly on foot, through Sikang and Chinghai Provinces. He crossed only one narrow arm of Tibet proper, but these neighboring Chinese provinces are peopled largely by Tibetans, who pay allegiance to the Dalai Lama and practise Lamaism, the Tibetan form of Buddhism.

But the reader never has the feeling that he is in contact with the people of Tibet. Migot gives his own difficulties on each day's march, business details, careful descriptions of costumes and coiffures, the history of exploration and government in each province, but never an incident, a reaction, nor a scrap of conversation to reveal the Tibetan character. He might as well have been walking through a group of brightly colored statues of Buddha.

The trouble with M. Migot is that he has a religious bug, genus *Californius*, that makes him feel that Lamaism will not only solve all his personal problems, but will also sell well:

"What demon, I could not help asking myself, drives me forward on my travels when I know perfectly well that inner peace (which I, like a fool, range the whole world to find) is here, within easy reach? But it's no good; I am quite incapable, as yet, of subduing the silly, sterile wanderlust with which Western culture has infected me."

This policy of always looking hungrily for something to be reverent about, has led him into everything from a complete

misinterpretation of Tibetan ideals, ("... in the West . . . where the pugilist, the film-star, and the millionaire occupy the exalted niches reserved in the East, for the hermit, the yogi and the saint") to downright foolishness. ("There is in point of fact only one animal on our planet which deserves the French epithet *sauvage*, and that is *homo sapiens* himself; it is fear of him that has made the other animals wild and sometimes fierce").

In the last chapter of his book, Migot is back in China, and on a trip to the Ming Tombs is picked up by the Communist Army. He is held for some time behind their lines, treated with careful respect, and then returned politely to the Nationalists, who, at the time, were still holding Peking. His picture of the soviet system is entirely favorable. "I saw men leading a rough, austere, ascetic life, men aflame with a purpose which was not directed at filling their own stomachs or their own purses." But these are words Migot might have used to describe a group of Tibetan lamas. The same sentimental lack of discernment that causes him to reduce the lamas of Tibet to humorless mystics, brings the communists of China down to Victorian clichés. It is unfortunate that André Migot did not look deep enough into their lives to give us a clearer picture of these people. We all could do with a better understanding of them. *Ernie Reid.*

EURIPIDES: trans. by Richmond Lattimore and others; University of Toronto Press (University of Chicago Press); pp. 220; \$1.75.

The third volume in the Chicago edition of the Complete Greek Tragedies features two splendid versions by Richmond Lattimore and David Grene, a direct version by Rex Warner, and a creditable version by Ralph Gladstone.

Lattimore's general introduction and remarks on the Alcestis legend, are apt and suggestively critical. According

S. O. E. D.

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to his arguments, *Alcestis* is no satyrplay but a tragicomedy which provides a foretaste of the subsequent lighter escape-dramas. Warner's introduction to *The Medea* reproduces the legend without comment. Gladstone disposes adequately of the Heraclid legend and treats the play and its date with some enthusiasm. Grene establishes Phaedra as the central character of *Hippolytus*, suggesting that Hippolytus is a mere foil to her. But the 'moral' of the play is that sex cannot be ignored without serious repercussions, a verdict applicable to both careers.

Lattimore's version surpasses the recent Fitts-Fitzgerald and Vellacott editions. Lattimore's reputation as translator of Pindar, Homer, and Aeschylus is already securely established. The present version, distinguished for its concise modernity, its thorough scholarship, and remarkable exactitude should commend itself to scholarly and general tastes. Warner's *Medea* and Grene's *Hippolytus* feature fidelity to the originals, skilful versification and frequent flashes of distinguished poetry. Gladstone has had to contend with an early political play that boasts few effective moments and pursues an eccentric course of development and characterization. His version, though generally unerring in reproducing the sense of the original, is marred by erratic movement and questionable modernizations that diminish the total effect.

Assessed as English literature, collated with the original Greek and compared with earlier translations, these four versions merit high praise for their general excellence and their potentialities for stage readings. *A. G. McKay.*

A PICTURE HISTORY OF BALLET; Arnold Haskell; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 24 of text; 558 illus.; \$5.25.

There are 10,000 words in the text of the written history in this book and 558 pictures in the pictorial history. But this quantitative statement is not enough to indicate the worth of this book, which lies in the quality of Haskell's choice of words and pictures and in the quality of the layout. All are well-designed for the purpose of a short, informative, and attractive record of balletic tradition.

The text is organized to bring out the main stages of development in ballet from the stately danced pageants at the French court of Henri III to the fast-moving *Carmen* of Roland Petit. Haskell is very clear about the meaning he intends for words and as a result his descriptions of different stages are enlightening. He is also careful to point out the necessary links in the growth of ballet tradition, tracing types of dancers and families of classical steps.

The photographs, paintings, and cartoons illustrate vividly the arguments of his text. There is a running commentary below them of dates, contemporary sayings, and jokes which serve to orientate them. He stresses the triple contribution to the making of ballet (music, art, and dancing) by pictures of costumes, set designs and composers, and by comments relating the development of ballet to the development of other arts in each period.

This is the most attractive and lucid history that I have seen so far. It does not cover fully the contemporary world-wide scene; that is not yet history, but news. Its ending is an ironic look to the future with a picture of "les rats," the struggling hopeful young pupils of the present.

W. R. M.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY EXCLUDING DRAMA; C. S. Lewis; Oxford; pp. vi, 696; \$6.00.

This, the fourth published volume of the twelve-volume Oxford History of English literature, is the most provocative, the most opinionated, and — with an uneasy bow in the direction of Professor Bush — the best written so far. Mr. Lewis's approach to English non-dramatic literature of the

sixteenth century is polemical and judicial; no dispassionate "historical" summary for him. The usual — one might say the official view of this literature may be briefly summarized: the Latin and vernacular traditions of medieval literature were transformed and enriched by the energies of the Reformation and the humanist disciplines, and the result was the extraordinary variety and glory of Tudor writing. But for Mr. Lewis the Reformation was a deplorable error, and the humanists a set of fierce little grammarians who foisted upon the free medieval spirit the confining and rigorous notion of "neo-classicism." His general position is therefore what some scholars cautiously call a "corrective" to the conventional view — by which they mean that they are not convinced at all. Well, having set out his views in a brilliant opening chapter, Mr. Lewis proceeds to a tripartite chronological division of the material into Late Medieval, 'Drab', and 'Golden'. (The inverted commas are his, and announce his too-oft-repeated assurance that the terms are neither pejorative nor eulogistic, just descriptive.) Then he summons the writers, great and small, to the bar, reviews their accomplishments, and passes a witty and often penetrating judgment upon each. These judgments, sticking fiery off indeed, are already appearing in the term papers of students in English Literature.

All this is done with the superb confidence of one who has never been frightened of his own opinions and whose love of excellence is constant and profound. Mr. Lewis has glimpsed, even when lost afar off among the aureate Scots, the distant glories of Sidney and Spenser, and toward them he hurries, cutting down minor poets, bashing Puritans, and dismissing pamphleteers. When he arrives, all is fulfilled, for Sidney and Spenser are indeed "golden" with no apologies. Sixteenth-century English literature is a comedy in three acts, with Shakespeare's *Sonnets* and Donne as epilogue.

It is a shapely history, then, in which the catalogues of writers and titles inevitable in a period survey are at least lively and neat, and the passages of elaborate analysis are appropriately based on the critical documents, e.g., the More-Tyndale debate, the *Arcadia*, Hooker's *Laws*. But this fine order has been achieved at the cost of some faulty emphases and serious omissions. The whole antiquarian and historical aspect of Tudor literature is badly undervalued; Camden is mentioned only casually; Stow is patronized; and Foxe's *Acts and Monuments* is dismissed with some remarks on style. I think also that it is possible to be more sympathetic to the *Mirror for Magistrates* than Mr. Lewis is, and to see more merit than he does in the historical poems of Warner, Daniel and Drayton. Generally speaking, he is not attuned to "popular" literature (he virtually ignores the extant sermons), and he is pretty rough on the translators too. Also one might have expected him to pay more attention to the recusant literature, which has been so much illuminated by the scholarship of Louise Guiney and A. C. Southern.

Still, it's a brilliant piece of work. And work it was. Think of it: to face anew those shelves in the Bodleian, full of the brown-and-gold meditations of our ancestors — on hunting, poetry, bishops, love, diet, Arthur of Britain, the returns of electors, Richard III, hawking, an Italian adultery, Greek pronunciation, import of wines, the soil of Derbyshire, Petrarch's metres, saving grace, a hue-and-cry in Norwich — and to set all that in order. Mr. Lewis has earned his new chair at Cambridge.

Millar MacLure.

AMERICA'S MUSIC FROM THE PILGRIMS TO THE PRESENT; Gilbert Chase; McGraw-Hill; pp. 733; \$10.20.

Mr. Chase has produced not only a much-needed history of American music but also an extremely readable book. His

conception of music is broad and comprehensive, and his treatment is both authoritative and brilliant. He describes his approach in the introduction: "This work is not a conventional history . . . it is not a book about the performance of music or about musical institutions . . . it is above all an attempt to understand, to describe, to illuminate, and to evaluate the vital processes and actors that have gone into the making of America's music."

In drawing together the many and diverse strands that go to make up American music, Mr. Chase differs from his predecessors mainly in the emphasis he places upon folk music. As he himself notes, "some sixteen chapters (out of a total of thirty-one) deal in whole or in part with various phases of American folk, primitive, and popular music", and he quotes with approval Charles Seeger's dictum that "When the history of music in the new world is written it will be found that the main concern has been with folk and popular music". Mr. Chase has nothing but scorn for those who "prefer what is polite and pretty to what is vulgar but vital", and he declares unequivocally: "My own approach to America's music is not at all respectable — my bête noire is the genteel tradition, and I take my stand with that Connecticut Yankee, Charles Ives, whose most damning adjective is said to be 'nice'." With such an approach, it isn't surprising that Mr. Chase's book is a delight to read, quite apart from its wealth of information.

Cotton Mather and General Washington, Frances Hopkinson and William Billings, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin all make their appearance in the first section entitled "Preparation". Under "Expansion" come chapters on the genteel tradition, the shape-note singers, revivals and camp meetings, Negro spirituals, minstrel songs (including a vivid sketch of Stephen Foster), Creole songs, the clash between European and American traditions, and finally "A Romantic Bard" (Edward MacDowell), and "The Boston Classicists". In the third section, "Fulfilment", we follow the rise of ragtime, the blues and jazz, Broadway musicals and American opera, the "traditionalists," "eclectics" and "experimentalists", and a final chapter devoted to Charles Ives. Each section is rich with detail drawn from contemporary documents which give the actual words of the musicians or immediate observers of the musical scene.

Whether you want to know about George Gershwin or George Pullen Jackson, Louis Armstrong or Louis Moreau Gottschalk, "Oklahoma" or "Appalachian Spring", "Amazing Grace" or "Old Black Joe", you'll find the information in this fact-crammed volume. Serious musicians will appreciate the careful analysis of musical forms and background; casual readers will find themselves being simultaneously entertained and educated. There seems little doubt that *America's Music* will quickly become a recognized classic in its field.

Edith Fowke.

HOMER'S DAUGHTER: Robert Graves; British Book Service; pp. 204; \$2.25.

Mr Robert Graves has a good right to an opinion on the Homeric question, being both a learned Grecian and a poet, but he is unlikely to convince many that Princess Nausicaa composed the *Odyssey* some century and a half after the time of the *Iliad*. This is not because of a defect of historical imagination but because of an excess of another talent: Mr. Graves is a born story-teller and transmutes all his material into fiction. By the time we are well into the book, the sweep and suspense of the narrative are all that interest us, and we are so taken with his heroine, a pious little pagan miss of great common sense and courage, that we concede almost absent-mindedly that she may have written the *Odyssey*.

When Nausicaa's Uncle Mentor learnedly accounts for the origin of annual Demise of the Crown and comments

on the significance of the herb moly to the stories of Ulysses, she ungratefully wishes that he had not spoilt the story by his explanations, "I detest allegories and symbols," she exclaims. Certainly the element of the marvelous in the *Odyssey* is in the novel repeatedly reduced to the commonplace. As if to counteract this, Mr. Graves brings in marvels of his own, such as the oracular remarks of the old White Sow, sacred to the White Goddess.

Besides its narrative power, *Homer's Daughter* has another considerable virtue and that is its concreteness of detail. One could read it — and with unflagging interest — just for the minutiae of custom and ceremony and domestic management in the Sicily of 750 B.C. Every novel by Mr. Graves has this virtue.

William Bissett.

FLAMINGO FEATHER: Laurens Van der Post; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 328; \$3.50.

Readers of *Venture to the Interior* reviewed in Canadian Forum '53, will not be disappointed in Van der Post's new book *Flamingo Feather*. This time he puts his Africa into a novel. The plot, a sort of political thriller, has its far-fetched moments, but the spell of the African earth, the very essence of a continent with which the story is saturated distinguishes it from the ordinary.

In *Venture to the Interior* the author's personal mystique obtruded, and one had to be in sympathy with his mysticism in order to enjoy the personal flavour of his experience of Africa. In *Flamingo Feather* he has progressed to a larger view, a more mature one perhaps, but the warmth of his love for and the deep knowledge of his country are still as fresh and as vigorous as before. Unique among writers about the disturbed continent is Van der Post's understanding of the native African people. He writes in no sentimental missionary vein but as a fellow African facing the differences in background and outlook as well as recognizing the black man's need for emancipation from the dominance of the white. This writer can add more to our understanding of Africa even when he imbeds his knowledge in a novel than most writers of political treatises. He sees the conflict in human and individual terms.

The story concerns the ingenious efforts of the hero Pierre de Beauvilliers to circumvent a plot being hatched by Communist agents in East Africa, which will make use of a huge tribal gathering of the Amangtakwena, the greatest of African nations. The meeting is motivated by the re-

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emergence of a dream message, such as we encounter in Biblical stories, exhorting the people to arise and throw off their yoke. This anthropological lore is skilfully fitted into the machinations of the plot.

An unusual and colorful novel, of which the portions concerning jungle life are written in much freer style than are the more civilized scenes. *H.T.K.*

THE CORNERSTONE: Zoe Oldenbourg; McClelland and Stewart (Pantheon); pp. 482; \$5.00.

This historical novel comes to us with high recommendations: it was awarded the *Prix Femina*, one of the most coveted French literary prizes, and has been praised by many critics and historians. It is indeed a massive achievement to recreate the whole society of the thirteenth century, from the tournaments and romantic alliances of the knights to the barbaric cruelties of feudal and religious warfare; from the customs and rites of the crusaders to the peasants' superstitions and belief in witches. Mme. Oldenbourg knows her history thoroughly and describes it vividly, building her story around one family whose members exemplify many different types.

The tapestry is skilfully woven and the colors are rich and beautiful, but despite its many excellences, *The Cornerstone* does not quite merit the fulsome praise it has received. About its history there can be little complaint, but as a novel it is less successful. The characters are vivid and diversified, but they never seem altogether real: we feel curiosity but little concern over their fate. In this Mme. Oldenbourg falls short of the achievement of H. M. Prescott who not only re-created the society of the Middle Ages but also aroused and held our sympathy for her characters. *E. Fowke.*

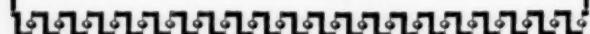


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THE FLINT ANCHOR: Sylvia Townsend Warner; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 288; \$2.50.

This author is known to the readers of *The New Yorker*, but the novel at hand is a far cry from the light touch of that publication. Its subject is the life of a solid middle-class English family "in trade", residents of an East Anglian town in the first half of the last century. Manner and matter are solid and resolute, there are no moods and vapours here but well-defined characters in a clearly drawn setting, with emphasis on a strong father-daughter relationship.

As solid and old-fashioned as an English plum pudding, this might have been more enjoyable if sauced with a little humor. If you have a taste for this type of story as frequently written by English lady novelists (although usually about Yorkshire mill families) this is particularly well-written. *H.T.K.*

Our Contributors

GEORGE BENNETT is senior lecturer in colonial history at Oxford University . . . W. G. PHILLIPS is with the department of economics and political science, Assumption College, Windsor, Ontario . . . M. KATHLEEN CARDIFF, who lives in Edmonton, Alberta, is a member of the Society of Canadian Painter-Etchers and Engravers . . . T. A. REED, until his retirement, was secretary and manager of the University of Toronto Athletic Association. An authority on the early history of Toronto, he has written and lectured widely on the subject . . . Educated at the University of Western Ontario, PHILIP STRATFORD spent four years in France acquiring a wife, a son and a doctorate from the Sorbonne. He is now teaching English at Assumption College and writing a novel whose setting is Occupied France.

CORRECTION

Our apologies to Richard Lambert whose drawing in last month's issue was erroneously entitled "Flycatchers" instead of "Pattern of Spring."

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